

CHATELAINE



In This Issue: "BANNER FOR YOUTH" ... By VELIA ERCOLE



As an Editor Sees it —

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

Women in Readiness. "Tell us please, what we can do to help!"

It's the cry of women from coast to coast. It is, to me, one of the most significant phases of the war—the eagerness of women everywhere to do something!

World War I is credited with bringing women out of the home into the business world, and into community activities.

World War II finds them a potential army of vast significance. Yet it is an army which has had no help in mobilization or in planning its activities.

It is an army which is organizing and leading itself. Which is realizing its own possibilities for work. Consider the quarter of a million women who have registered themselves for service, for training, for voluntary help, under the significant Voluntary Registration of Canadian Women. Consider the thousands of girls and women who have done what was declared impossible—tabulate the statistics for the most modern filing system. Realize that thousands upon thousands of these cards are now with the proper authorities at Ottawa. Duplicates are back in provincial headquarters. Ready. Prepared. And all achieved by the women themselves.

Look again at the girl on our cover. We put her in the uniform of the Women's Voluntary Service Corps, because, as organized by the Red Cross, this has national representation. But there are many thousands of other women who have enlisted in service corps in all Canadian cities—to drill themselves. To train themselves. To learn discipline and the ability to respond to orders quickly. They are marching day after day, and week after week, to get themselves in physical readiness for whatever lies ahead.

Pass any Technical School at night—and see the lights shining from schoolrooms where girls and women are preparing themselves in various lines of work which require training.

Enquire at the voluntary groups which have sprung up all over Canada for the training of women in first aid, in ambulance work, in mechanics. You'll find them all swamped with requests for admission.

The women have done all this themselves. They are readying themselves for work in spite of the apathy of everyone else who should be concerned with their capabilities.



This group is typical of the thousands of girls who are preparing themselves for service.

Women have not waited for a leadership from without, which has not come, as yet. On the contrary they have doggedly, steadily, purposefully, gone ahead on their own in isolated groups. When the time comes—when the sudden call goes out—the women will be ready! You'll find thousands upon thousands of them—springing into line for service.

Apathy toward their demands for training, for an opportunity to help in some constructive way, cannot last much longer. The mood of the Canadian women is becoming too restive. The important thing is that so many of them have prepared themselves, so that when the call comes—they'll be waiting for it.

Woman and Marriage. There were several thousand replies to the article "Marriage Is My Career."

And the vast majority of them made one point very clear. Women believe that a business or professional training makes a girl a much better wife and mother. It was really striking to read this practically unanimous opinion. Our women are learning, apparently, that the arts and crafts of running a home can be learned by any intelligent woman. But that the important thing is the *point of view* she brings to it. That point of view, they believe, must be learned somehow in the outside world, before it is brought, with too much concentration, into the home. Read the letters on the next page. I hope to use more of them in later issues. Their ideas are too interesting to lose.

Your response to our call for help in knitting woollen comforts for our English sisters was so warm and wholehearted, that we're sending you one now for the lads in the Navy. You will do your share, won't you? We'll send instructions—as you'll see on page 16.

Rejecting Our Moods. It's interesting to see the way this magazine is keying itself closely to the mood of our readers. While those of us who plan its contents and prepare the material are, of course, carefully watching and anticipating what is happening—somehow the entity of *Chatelaine* as a force of its own, develops itself. Any novelist will tell you that in planning his book—the characters often develop on their own in unexpected ways. So with the character of a magazine. It becomes the fused medium for thought of its readers as well as its editorial department. So—as our awareness of all that the war is meaning, becomes more vital—so you'll find the fiction writers giving you new ideas and interpretations of it. A great many people have told me that our February story, "Safe from the War," is one of the best they have read. If you have missed it—get hold of the copy and read it, for it's an experience you won't want to miss. This month Velia Ercole, who is known as one of the favorite fiction writers of the day, takes a new slant—and tells of an English girl who wanted to take the easy way out.

Since so many heroines are brave and fearless—and so many of us in real life know fear—I think you'll find it refreshing to live through the experiences of this girl.

This reflection of the emotions aroused by the war, in our columns, is there because of your vital interest. You've shown it in your letters and comments—and we are constantly checking in other ways as well.

CHATELAINE

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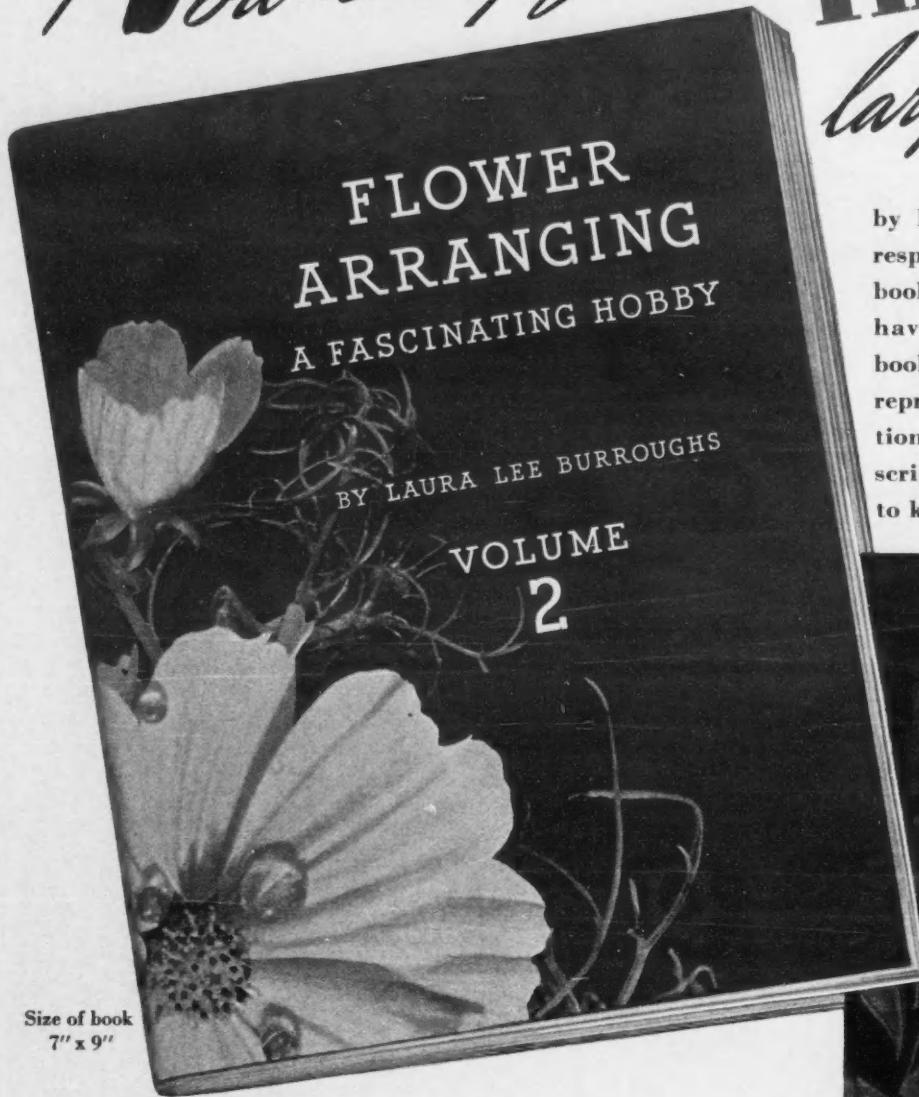
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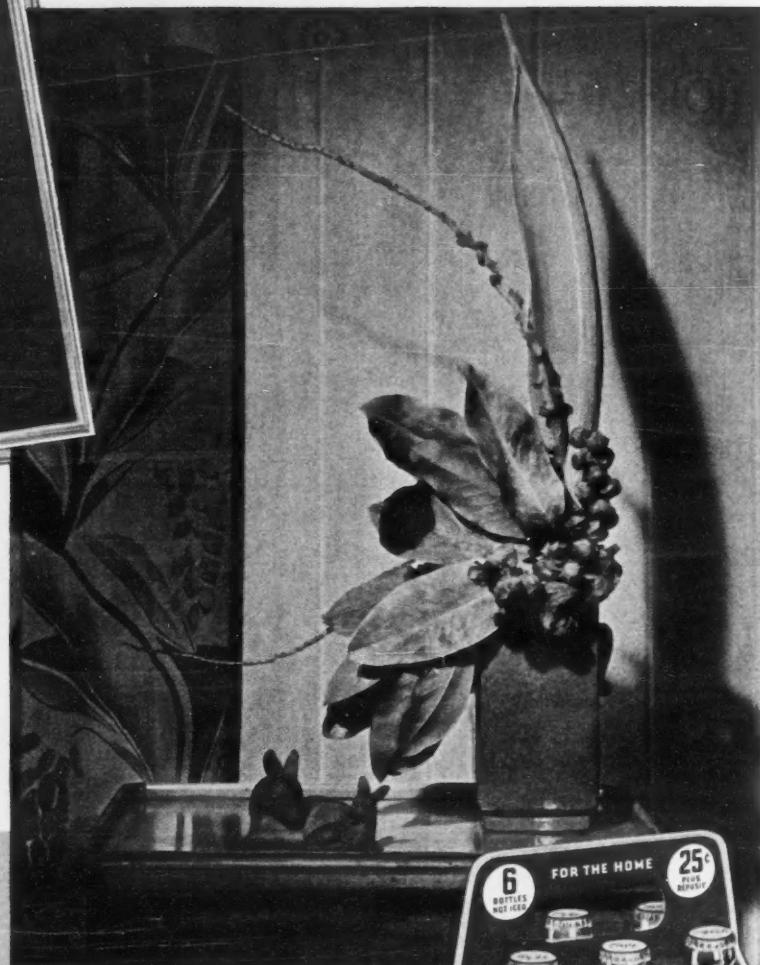
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The Six-Bottle Carton

beyond that of "fortifying her family to meet life." She has the duty of using part of her leisure to help make the world a better place for her children to live in. Church work, welfare work, local politics, all need the support of married women with leisure. They are giving it in immense quantities, to the Red Cross work these days. Let's hope their enthusiasm will carry over to postwar problems.

Marie Sherlock, Montreal.

☆☆

A Man's Opinion

OH, CHATELAINE, and how that "Young" woman does wear the pants!

Now, every spinster and uplifter will agree with her marriage-as-a-career idea, and every red-blooded male will want to choke such a paragon of icy perfection. For what man wants such cold calculations as she deduces from the marriage problem?



Some people face marriage with an endurance that would have cowed the ancient martyrs!

This isn't a facetious letter, it's heart-to-heart! We Canadians are twitted with taking ourselves too seriously, and this "young" woman has given us a perfect example of how that idea stalked abroad. Whimsey, with its elusive, fragile charm would be an unknown quantity in her "career."

She likens marriage to hockey, baseball and business! Women of Canada, what are you coming to if you agree to that? Why, a man comes home to get away from business and conferences and efficiency experts, and in their place expects love and laughter, the warmth of family fun, and food like mother used to make. Efficiency Edgars are not popular even in business, but in a home they would drive a fellow to wine, women and song. Love would fly out of the window when efficiency tried to take its place.

A weak spot in this "young" idea of a matrimonial career is that she has forgotten the biological urge, or maybe she never knew it, seeing she decided about this career business at the age of fifteen. Also, like does not mate with like, so how'd she get anyone with any real feeling in them to undertake marriage on her terms?

The word "career" is enough, it tells its own story; it belongs to the business world and love belongs to marriage, and never the twain shall meet.

Don't try taking the roses out of romance or spoil them with the spiky thorns of tiresome thoroughness.

Edward Jillings,
Sutton West, Ont.

☆☆

AS I HAVE been married only a short time, I profited greatly from Mrs.

Young's article, "Marriage Is My Career."

I was particularly impressed by the truth of her statement that marriage is not an end or a goal, but just the beginning of a job for which you must train and into which you must put your best effort.

When I was working downtown I often listened to the stenographers discussing marriage, and the general consensus seemed to be that it would be grand to be married because then you wouldn't have to go to work! What a delusion! For if you have learned to handle the boss with gloves when he goes temperamental, then you'll need all your previous experience, and more, in handling "friend husband" and the children. Often both parents and children fail to realize that because of the constant close relationship existing, it is far more necessary to practice tact, self-control and understanding with members of their own family than it is in dealing with strangers, for whom we often muster our best efforts. If self-discipline is not learned in the home, then adjustment to the outside world will be difficult. Conferences in which the children take part should help greatly to facilitate this training and would, I believe, work in the average home.

In confining your career to marriage only, I can foresee one rather serious hazard. Unless outside interests are cultivated, such as social service work, or the development of a particular talent, then when the children leave home life may suddenly become purposeless and empty. An avocation would be a good thing to fall back on, in any case.

It is unfortunate that there are no



Most fathers don't pay much attention to the pursuits of their children.

university degrees offered for a good job done in the home!

Louise McConnell, Toronto

☆☆

MRS. YOUNG certainly has the right idea—it is a career to make a happy marriage these days. While the "spade work" isn't so hard as grandmother's was, the bewildering assortment of modern foods and gadgets; the greater demands for good grooming of house and person; and the realization that "children are people" make the job an involved one, not to be managed by the old trial-and-error method.

But—how many young girls know they want marriage sufficiently to make a career of it?

Where will one find a husband as co-operative as hers is?

Wouldn't a bride become "ingrown" if she faced *Cont'd on Inside Back Cover*

Can Beauty really be Re-born?

"Yes!" says *Lady Esther*

in your

"NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Just under your present surface skin . . . a New-Born

Skin is coming to life. Will it have a New-Born beauty?

Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help to make it smoother,
lovelier . . . younger looking when it comes to view.



WOMEN eagerly ask . . . "Is it true? . . . will I have a New-Born Skin?" Yes . . . sooner than you know, the skin you see and touch today, will be gone, flaked away. For under this surface skin, new beauty is awakening in the young skin which is replacing your older skin of today.

Will this New-Born Skin be lovelier . . . more flattering . . . more youthful looking?

Let my 4-Purpose Cream help Nature
gently remove the flakes of old skin . . . the
surface impurities . . . so your New-Born
Skin can emerge in beauty and glory.

These dry flakes are the villains that can rob your New-Born Skin of beauty. They keep your face powder from looking smooth, make you look older than you are.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream permeates these flakes of old skin so they seem to melt away. Rough spots caused by dryness seem to vanish. You can prove this if you will use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream at least twice every day, and above all, just before you powder. How soft your skin will feel! How smooth your powder will look! For Lady Esther Face Cream makes your skin look smooth and helps you to keep your accent on youth!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest, purest face cream can help your New-Born Skin to be as beautiful as it can be! So, ask your doctor if every word Lady Esther says isn't true . . . that her cream removes the dirt, the surface impurities and drab, dry skin particles. That it refreshes your skin and helps Nature to refine your pores.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Let it reveal a first glimpse of the future loveliness that may be yours.

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These germs may make a cold serious—get after them with LISTERINE...QUICK!

Doctors call such threatening bacteria the "secondary invaders." They are among the many, say numerous authorities, that so often complicate a cold.

Millions live even in normal mouths and throats, apparently causing no harm. Then, suddenly, when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, chill, wet feet, drafts, they frequently strike with quick ferocity.

Kills Millions of Germs on Tissue Surfaces

You can see how important it is to guard against these invaders . . . to systematically reduce their numbers before they strike. So we say: As a regular precaution against colds and as an aid in the treatment when a cold is already started, gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back

in the throat to kill millions of these "secondary invaders" on surface tissues. Actual tests showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

Listerine's Great Record

Clinical tests made during nine years of painstaking research actually showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle with it.

With this evidence before you, isn't it a good idea to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically, especially during the winter months?

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO. (CANADA) LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

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ON THE AIR



"Marriage is My Career"

The prize-winning letters in reply to the recent article in Chatelaine under this title by a young Canadian mother



There certainly must be easier ways of earning a living!

I was in business for a decade prior to my marriage twenty years ago, and sat in at many "conferences" in a secretarial capacity, but never remember the office boy "on the executive." As with office boys, so with children — those at the head do the directing, and if that is sound there are few complaints.

There is no place in a world so full of pain and sorrow, for such egotism as this woman's life shows. She should really get down to business. Throw out all that now clutters her life, and cast her lot with the married women who are clever enough to run happy homes, and still find time to work for others, at Red Cross or other charitable organizations.

Mary Thomson,
Winnipeg, Man.



It's fine to train for marriage — but suppose "Mr. Right" doesn't come along?

The Five \$1 Letters

MRS. YOUNG'S attitude, I think, is just a little old-fashioned; smacks of the retort courteous of the anti-feminists of the past generation, those who opposed the idea of women in business, law, medicine, and the polling booth. Thank goodness the modern girl can now look on herself as a "person"!

We do not know how long she has been married, or the size of her family, but we do know she never had any business experience. Yet she glibly talks of running her "career" as a business is run. "Career," in her case, is a misnomer. A real career is a joyous, broadening daily adventure. The oil of experience makes the wheels turn smoothly, so that there is a time for work and a time for play. Her life is as narrow and monotonous as a treadmill. It is cluttered with "conferences" to which sleepy Junior and tired Dad alike are dragged. Small children do not understand "conferences," and a businesslike mother, knowing this, attends to their troubles in the same manner as a competent secretary answers the phone — promptly and courteously — saving "The Boss" time whenever possible.

Even if it is not feasible for a woman to carry on a private career after marriage; and even if she enjoys the routine of housework, she still has a duty



CHATELAINE for MARCH

PART-TIME Girl

By ELLEN FARLEY

If he stayed in one place longer than two weeks, there was usually a girl. Part-time girls he called them, to his mother.

IT WAS on Carl's third day in Milford that the telegram arrived. His company had sent him to the paper mill there to discover what was wrong with the turbine they had installed. As roving engineer for the big electrical firm, Carl had spent most of his time, the last thirteen years, in just such towns as Milford: towns built around a factory.

Three days, four, five, ten days; a month; two months in one place and then off again to another. New faces, new surroundings, another boardinghouse or hotel. All new and yet all monotonously the same.

If he stayed in one place longer than two weeks, there was usually a girl. Part-time girls he called them, to his mother.

There had been a succession of these girls in Carl's life, most of them lasting weeks; a few, months; one of them over a year. He had gone back to visit that one, had been fond of her, and felt he had lost something dear to him when she married a cigar salesman. Carl hadn't seen her after that.

He understood women like her. He was careful not to impose on the kindness of those girls who amused him and filled in the hours of his loneliness.

These girls he understood and respected.

The other kind who expected, demanded marriage, he admired and did not understand.

And that was strange for the two women who had remained constants in the varying equation of his life were the other kind, his mother and Cynthia.

He had never thought of them as being alike, those two. His mother, Myra Morgan, fifty-five, tiny, dainty as a figurine, helpless. Cynthia Loomis, thirty-four now, beautiful, cool, decisive, desirable.

He had loved Cynthia for as long as he could remember, and his mother for as long as he could remember and before that. Cynthia had been the girl down the street, the girl across the aisle in school, the girl in the sophomore play, the girl who shouted her head off when he made a touchdown, the girl whom every fellow in

grammar school and high had loved, but who had loved Carl best.

But not enough to marry him, or rather, as she had told him so many, many times, "Too much."

"It wouldn't work, Carl, not with your mother. She's sweet, of course, a darling. But she's used what your father left to put you through school, and you'll have to support her. She'd live with us and we'd all have to scrimp on what you make"—that had been in '27 when he got his first job with the company he still worked for, thirty dollars a week—"and it just wouldn't work. I love you too much to see you crack up and stop loving me because there wasn't enough money to go round."

CANADA is STRONG

BREAD SUPPLIES $\frac{1}{4}$ OF THE FOOD ENERGY OF CANADIANS

In agriculture, in industry, in defense, Canada is building up vast reserves of strength, of vital, driving energy.

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BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His skill, modern scientific equipment — and the finest ingredients — give you a loaf unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.

We predict you'll want to argue about this story. In it you'll meet Carl Morgan, and the three women who most affected his life—his mother—the woman he wanted to marry—and the girl he was warned against.

"How strange, Carl! That we should have met just six weeks ago after four years and that you should have looked so sorry over Tom's death and your eyes should have told me 'I love you, Cyn. I'll always love you.' And now this—this miracle. For she was old, Carl, and she had a happy time of it. You made her happy."

He could see the tears drying in Cynthia's eyes as she forgot to grieve for her old friend and began to plan their marriage. He could smile at Cynthia, doing that, and imagine her quite excited over whom to invite and what to wear and where to go on their honeymoon.

Still smiling, he took up the pencil once more and wrote: *To Mrs. Cynthia Gale*, and then paused, remembering something else. He had a date that night with a girl named Paige, Paige Sheldon, who was one of those girls he understood.

But he'd hardly be expected—Carl lifted the pencil again and wrote Cynthia's address. Then: *Mother is dead*. A rush of tears stung his eyes. He took up the paper, crushed it in his fist, and strode blindly from the telegraph office.

Cyn would take the first train to Milford and, oddly, he didn't want that. His grief for his mother was a special kind of grief. He didn't want to falsify it by looking into Cyn's clear eyes and listening to her comforting voice: "She was such a darling mother, Carl. No wonder you were willing to give up so much for her . . ."

She had been a darling mother. But he hadn't been willing. That was the truth. He had often been bitter at his fate, often wondered how a man feels who can look at a girl, any girl who catches his eye, and think: "If she's single, I can ask her to marry me."

COMING OUT of the telegraph office and into the late afternoon sunshine, Carl realized that he didn't want to see Cynthia for a while because he was going to ask her to marry him. He loved her, had loved her for years, and now she could be his. But first—first he wanted to live through a few brief days of freedom, knowing, below his grief which was real grief for all that it had an element of escape in it, knowing that it was his right, now, to look at any woman and think: If I should fall in love with her, I could ask her to marry me.

It was an amusing thing, he thought, a grin cutting his thin mouth, that a grown man should have a longing like that. But he had it and he didn't deny it.

That was one reason he didn't want Cyn to come at once. The other was Paige Sheldon whom he had first met the night before. The girl would be disappointed if he didn't keep their date. And disappointment, Carl knew, remembering nights in a strange, lonely town when some girl had stood him up, can be a real and devastating thing.

And there was that in Carl, a certain loyalty to the girls who had been kind to him in many strange places

for a little while, that he didn't want to be unkind to the last part-time girl he'd ever have need of.

It didn't even occur to him that he ought to spend a time out of life, mourning for his mother. In his own way he mourned her. Showcase grief was not his way, and he had not enough hypocrisy within him to think, for one moment, that it was.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK he called for Paige at her home, a house with many casement windows and blinds on the cute side, on a fairly well-to-do residential street.

"Tootle for me," she had told him the night before at the country club dance where Walt Niver, chemist at the mill, had taken Carl as his guest. "I don't like gabbing indoors with the family."

So Carl honked his horn. The door opened almost at once and a tall slim figure hurried out, calling good nights in a husky, drawling voice.

Carl held the door open for her and she got in.

"So you didn't forget?" she said.

He grinned. "Why should I? A stranger in town, a new and lovely girl. I was afraid you might have forgotten, or thought better of it."

"Me forget a date? That's funny." She laughed. "There aren't many men in this place, you know. And

Illustrated by Charles Reed

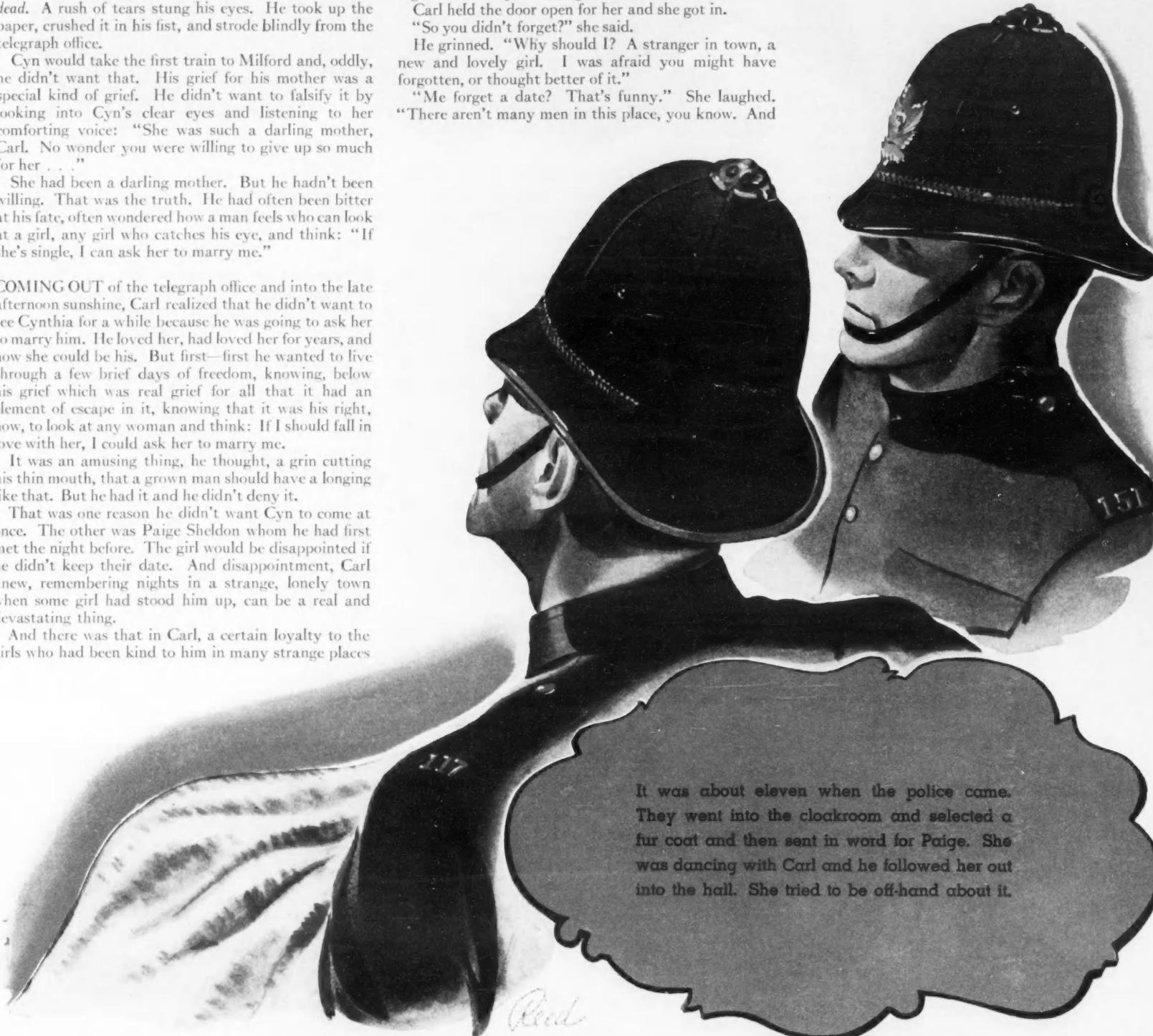
those there are are old stories to me. I've been out with them all, off and on, for ten years. They bore me. And I them."

"Ten years?" He took a quick look at her. Her face, in the glow of the street lamps, was younger than he had guessed the night before.

"Ten years," the girl said. "Me, I had my first date when I was fourteen. He was a college boy." Again that mocking, husky laugh with its undertone of defiance. "That makes me twenty-four. And you're—?"

"I don't often reveal my age," he answered, grinning, "because I usually feel so much younger than I am. Tonight I'm feeling my age. Thirty-five."

"I can remember when I thought that was old. Horribly old. Now I don't." She glanced at his profile, beak nose, gaunt jaw. "Is ■ *Continued on page 18*



So Cynthia had got a job, too, and been very competent in it.

CARL HAD sent his mother the larger portion of his salary, to keep the house and buy the little extra things she had never been able to resist. Then in the second year he'd got a raise. Forty dollars.

But Cynthia hadn't thought it was enough. "Not with your mother's expensive little tastes, Carl. I couldn't bear to see her deny herself, and I couldn't bear to deny us either. There'd be children. We'd need things."

Maybe mother will marry again, Carl had thought. But his mother didn't marry. She wanted to make a home for her only son and be there when he had weekends off, for holidays and vacations. His mother was sweet about everything and so glad when he got another raise the third year, in '30.

"I can fix up our little place more attractively now, son. It does look shabby, and I do like it to be nice when you come home."

But Carl had insisted that, this year, she take a trip. The winters were hard on her. So she had agreed to go to Bermuda. She had a little saved from what Carl had sent her, she told him. And that winter he was happy thinking of his mother warm and comfortable in Bermuda.

"I'm staying at a very moderately priced inn, Carl, dear. I miss you, but I am feeling so much better."

After that she took a trip every winter, more and more expensive trips as Carl's salary increased.

It was the winter of '32 that Cynthia married Tom Gale who had been in school with her and Carl and was now a successful lawyer. Carl wrote his mother about the marriage, casually, because he didn't want her to suspect he would have married Cynthia himself if he had been able to afford it.

His mother wrote back: "I'm so happy to hear of Cynthia's marriage. She was a dear girl, always so thoughtful of me. I wondered, at one time, if possibly my Carl wasn't going to love her. I'd have been so happy to welcome her if you had—though, of course, I am a selfish old woman and prefer to have you for myself."

The years had passed slowly at first after Cynthia's marriage, and then more swiftly. Until now it was '40 and Carl was thirty-five, making seventy-five dollars a week, single because he'd never been able to afford to marry and because, of course, after Cynthia could no longer be his, he'd not wanted to.

And now his mother was dead.

She had died in Bermuda, the cablegram said, and what were his wishes? If he would cable at once, please.

Mrs. Myra Morgan was dead, had died of a heart attack in her sleep. Carl, standing in his room at Mrs. McGurk's boardinghouse—his home now for three days and for as many more as it would take to repair the turbine—swiftly travelled the miles to Bermuda and saw that tiny, familiar figure lying small and lost upon a smooth, great bed, her eyes closed, her thin hands loose upon the coverlet.

He had known, of course, that some day she would die. But somehow he had never thought of her as dead.

He felt as a house might feel—if a house had nerves and longings like a man—that has had a great spreading maple upon its lawn. Ever since the time when the house was a-building the maple has been there. It has thrown too much shade, at times, and made the rooms too dark. And when the tree is felled one night in a storm, the sudden flood of light which illuminates the house is blinding.

So was Carl blinded after the first shock of stiffening grief, by the knowledge that he was free to marry at last.

That knowledge did not come upon him for hours, not until after he had composed and sent a cablegram with instructions for having his mother's body brought back home. As the girl at the desk read it off, in a softened voice, it came to him, suddenly, that he really ought to let Cynthia know.

And then it was that the knowledge swept into him and blinded him. At last he was free to marry Cynthia, and she was free to marry him!

All he had to do was send the words: Mother died last night. Cynthia would cry a little when she received that, for his mother and for them. Mostly she would cry for them. Carl could see the tears welling up in Cynthia's wide-spaced blue eyes, slow, lovely tears. He could almost imagine her cool, solemn thoughts:



BANNER for YOUTH

Set against the courage and gallantry of those who live under the flaming destruction of English skies, is this memorable story of a girl who was afraid

By VELIA ERCOLE

wonderful, romantic. If I leave you behind, if you stay here, you might love some young fellow. But in such times—”

Marny interrupted, almost brutally for so sweet a voice. Her face was quite hard.

“I don’t see why you should talk like that when I’ve been honest with you. Do you think I don’t know what love in our times must mean? Oh, no, Louis, I’m not going to let myself in for anything like that. I’m not going to put my heart up for a gun to shoot at. I’m not romantic. If I were I’d have done it months ago with Bill when he went to France. He was the only one. I haven’t lied to you; it didn’t come to anything. I’ve never written to him. I haven’t heard from him. I didn’t let myself be carried away, and I was right. I haven’t had to cry myself to sleep every night like some of my friends. I’ve been happy. And I’ve still had good times.”

“Well, then . . .”

Marny went off nervously on a new tack. “There’s the family. I haven’t told them much about you.”

“Surely your family would be glad to know you were going to safety.”

“Yes. But leaving them all behind . . .”

Louis was patient. He said, “You told me you didn’t get on well at home.”

Marny said, “That didn’t mean I don’t love them all. I’d miss them dreadfully. It’s only since the war I’ve been unhappy at home. They think of it all the time, and all do things and—”

“And you feel they disapprove because you don’t want any part of it.”

“Yes,” Marny said sullenly. “I hate it. Life was such fun, and now it’s all ugliness.”

She turned and buried her head against his arm. But a man cannot suffer strain for days and nights without wanting an end, and Louis said harshly:

“Well, you must tell me tomorrow. The way you are, you’re a total loss to your country anyway, and to your family. Think it over tonight and talk with your people. But tomorrow I must know.”

THEY HAD reached the tree-shaded street where Marny lived. All the neat gardens were bright with blooms. The still evening air was perfumed. When

the car stopped, Marny could hear the comfortable, commonplace sound of a lawn mower. Three doors away a man was clipping a hedge. There seemed to be such strength in this peace, such immutability in the little suburban sequence of the year that Marny could not believe in the menace which overhung it.

She said passionately, “It can’t happen, Louis.”

“It has happened, my dear. It can and it will happen. And one must be brave to sustain it.”

Marny was pale, though she tried to speak lightly.

“And I’m not brave, am I?”

Louis took her small trembling hand and raised it to his lips.

“I don’t know, child.”

Marny refused in defiance, in a hard little laugh.

“Well, I don’t pretend to be.”

“No,” Louis said, still gently. “You haven’t even courage for that. You’d better come with me.”

“Yes,” Marny said.

They were in front of the house, and Louis opened the door and helped her out. He called as she was moving away:

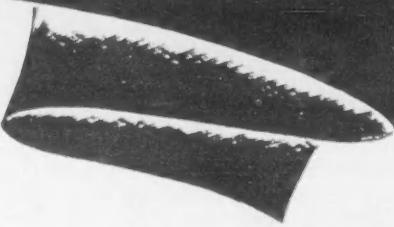
“You’ve forgotten your present. Didn’t you like the perfume?”

Marny turned back swiftly. “Of course. I’m a fool . . . and my own two parcels . . . I’ve been extravagant again, Louis. Mother won’t approve, though she won’t say anything.”

“It’s the right of every pretty woman to be extravagant,” Louis said. “Tell your mother your future husband said so,” he added with careful casualness. Marny went scarlet in a flame of blood and, clutching her packages, ran toward the house.

She would have been glad to gain her own room unobserved, but her mother came out of the living room, just as she entered the hall, and said:

“Darling, there’s been a letter from Eleanor. I made more tea when the work-party left, I’m just having it. Come in and we’ll read the letter. I’ve made fourteen more pots of jam. I want you to help me get dinner, because Agnes is lying down with aspirin. That soldier has been moved to the north somewhere and he didn’t ask her after all. He just said ‘Abyssinia,’ and Agnes is very upset. I do think it’s a shame. Did you go to see Madame Elise?”



“No,” Marny said. For a year Marny had worked happily among other lovely creatures as well-conditioned as herself, in Madame Elise’s fashionable dress shop. The shop was now bankrupt and shuttered, and Madame Elise had become Elsie Simmons and worked cheerfully enough in a department store. Mrs. Ford said:

“Well, I don’t see how she could have helped you anyway to get the kind of job you want, or she’d have got it for herself. The luxury trade must be dead. Who wants to buy such things?”

“Some people do,” Marny said, her lovely mouth curved in mutiny.

Mrs. Ford had blue eyes like her daughter. There was still the shine of youth in them, but they were the wise eyes of maturity now; deep blue wells of wisdom and kindness. They were very beautiful now in their tenderness as they were fixed on the young girl.

“Show me what you bought,” she said.

Marny moved restlessly, then said with febrile gaiety:

“A bit of nonsense for a hat, and some cami-knickers. And Louis gave me a present of this bottle of perfume. Smell it.” She put the glass stopper to Mrs. Ford’s nostrils.

“Lovely,” her mother said. “It was kind of him.”

Marny was nervously unwrapping her parcels.

“This is what I thought for the hat . . . like this.”

She pinned a gay bunch of flowers above her pure wide brow, then covered flowers and face in yards of misty veil. The package wrappings fell to the floor, and Mrs. Ford automatically gathered and folded them ready for the special wastepaper bin. When she straightened from her stooping, Marny had tied expert bows and was regarding herself, head on one side, in a distant mirror.

“Do you like it?” she said to her mother.

“It’s a pretty contraption, but would you call it a hat?” Mrs. Ford said, smiling. There was a little silence, and sun shafted through the window, irradiating the slim girlish form. Suddenly Marny was crying, recklessly ruining the mist of veil which covered her eyes. She said passionately:

“You think I’d look better in a tin hat or one of those farm-girl things Eleanor ■ Continued on page 29





Illustrated by
Arthur Sarnoff

He held her tightly in his arms. "Why didn't you write to me?" Marny asked.

JUST as the car turned on the crest of a hill the sun triumphed in a day-long fight with cloud, and the dark evening sky became a sheet of flame. It happened with the suddenness of an accident, and Marny blinked and involuntarily leaned closer to Mr. Gettenheim. Mr. Gettenheim gripped the wheel tightly with his strong hands, the car swerved slightly, then went on its swift, low-purring way.

Marny had said perfunctorily, after spending the afternoon with Louis Gettenheim:

"I'll go home now in the tube. You mustn't waste petrol."

But Louis could get petrol. He knew how. Louis could go about a world from which war had torn pretty nearly everything and still tear from it all the things he wanted. He was a strong man, kind—and honest. He was rich, and American and minding his own business—though he was leaving it rather late getting out of England, because of Marny Ford.

Marny was comfortable and felt secure, huddled tightly against Louis, and thrust from her mind the unwelcome simile which the sun's bursting forth had evoked. She was sick of flaming banners across dark skies. She was frightened of the dark and even more

frightened of the challenging banners. Marny was small and very lovely; and though she was strong as a pony she looked fragile and rare, so that people treated her delicately, and she had come to treat herself in the same way.

She tucked her hand under Louis' arm, and that soothed her further. But it didn't soothe Louis. With her pressing against him like that, he felt as if a wound had opened in his side, and all his body ached and trembled to draw her into his heart. But he was no boy; he was, indeed, middle-aged and that feeling passed. His voice was unsteady as he said:

"I can't wait much longer, child. You'll have to decide."

Marny said quickly, "Ah, don't talk. It was so peaceful. I like being close to you. I'd forgotten everything for a moment."

"I can make you forget it for the rest of your life, Marny, why don't you make up your mind? I think you've lied to me, haven't you?"

"No, no." Marny drew away from him and sat up stiffly. "There isn't anyone. I don't love anyone."

"Well, then—" He paused, then went on with a cold find courage. "You feel you might be cheating yourself if you marry me. You think you'll miss something

"Well, tell him then," said Larry, a little impatient. "You'll have time tomorrow. We won't go down to the Island till noon."

"I'm not going down to the Island at all," Jane declared. "I'm terribly sorry, Larry, but Bill's leaving for Shokan practically at dawn. I'll have to go up there to tell him."

She had sounded almost defiant, but now she was holding her breath. She wouldn't blame Larry for being furious. Not only on his own account, but because, she knew, he must be wondering what his family would think of her bolting like this.

She said timidly, "Larry, forgive me. There's just no other way!"

"I forgive you this once," answered Larry grimly. He asked, "What is this Shokan place? I've never heard of it."

Jane was a little lightheaded with relief. "Oh, it's just a place," she told him, "with trees and mountains and poison ivy." She smiled reminiscently. "Bill and I had measles together in Shokan when I was ten."

"Well, if you go I go too," Larry announced. "I'm not going to have you having measles with anyone else but me. Now go ahead and call him and say you'll come. And don't forget to tell him you're Bringing a Friend."

LARRY'S MAROON roadster purred effortlessly over the highway. It was almost noon. If she had gone to the Island, Jane thought, Meadows or Jeeves, or whatever his name was, would just now be carrying her bag upstairs to the guest room in the east wing. Her bag with all the exciting new clothes she had bought for her two weeks with Larry's family; tennis and golf dresses, slacks and shorts, riding habit, bathing suit, dinner gowns . . . When she had asked Larry's mother what to bring, she had smiled and said, "I guess you'd better be prepared for anything!" Well, she had been.

Jane sighed, "Larry, your mother was so sweet about everything! I feel like a dog. I want to cry!"

"I've only seen you cry once," said Larry reflectively.

"The first time I met you. Remember, I stepped on your foot. That's when I fell in love with you. You looked so fetching standing on one foot like a stork and glaring at me through your tears. When did you fall in love with me, Jane?"

Jane started. Asked like that, point-blank, she found it hard to answer. She stalled: "Is one supposed to know? The exact moment, I mean."

"One certainly is," declared Larry.

"Oh," said Jane. She tried hard to think. At what instant had she stopped loving Bill and started loving Larry? There must be something to tie it to, some way to pin it down.

Then her face cleared. "Oh, now I know! It was that first time I had tea with your mother. Sitting in the drawing-room with the silver tea things between us. I remember thinking how much her hands were like yours, and how her voice went up at the end of a sentence just the way yours did. That's when I fell in love with you, Larry."

He teased, "Are you sure it was me you fell in love with, not mother?"

"Of course," said Jane. "Before that I couldn't quite believe you were as remarkable as you seemed. Everything had happened so quickly. But when I met her I knew it was true. Such a wonderful mother could only have a wonderful son."

"I thank you," said Larry gravely. He added, "We must be nearly there."

"We are," she told him. "There's the big elm, over the crest of that hill. This is the spot where I always used to start peeling off my shoes and stockings. I went barefoot all summer until I was thirteen."

Larry grinned indulgently. "Nobody goes native quite so violently as a city child who's let out to pasture," he said.

Jane glanced at him sharply. "Why, he sounds actually condescending!" she thought resentfully. After a moment she said quietly, "I wouldn't have liked to have been called a city child. Neither would Bill. We liked to believe that we belonged here . . ."

She stopped. She had a feeling that it was useless to try to explain to Larry. You couldn't say, "You see, we needed so very much to feel that we belonged somewhere . . ." Not to Larry, who had been born and brought up in the same house, surrounded always by the same faces. You couldn't explain to someone like that how this place could be home to two children who had no other place they could call home. You couldn't make him understand that a farm you'd never even

seen till you were seven years old could hold all your roots, could hold all the dreams and adventures and discoveries that made a childhood.

The hopelessness of it was like a weight on her heart. She sighed, and said, "Oh, Larry! Three weeks is such a short time. We haven't even begun really to get to know one another!"

"Well," Larry remarked ominously, "from the looks of this layout I expect we'll have plenty of time for that during the next two weeks!"

JANE GLANCED up, startled. She was home! That was the house, that funny square white box standing so prim under the elm tree. There was the bumpy brick path where she had so often stubbed her toes, and the swing under the tree and the squeaky pump. And there, at the gate, was Bill!

The old familiar feeling of homecoming, that sweet, warming assurance that here was something safe, something sure, something that never changed, swept over her and lifted the heaviness from her heart.

She cried joyously, "Hi, Bill!"

He was at the side of the car before Larry had time to cut the motor. He told Jane, "I've been here for years! Began to think you weren't coming."

Jane laughed. This was their ritual. He always said, "I've been here for years. Began to think you weren't coming." And she always said, "I'll bet you just got here. You knew perfectly well I'd come. I always do, don't I?" But no, she couldn't say that any more. Because it wasn't true. She wouldn't be coming again. Not ever!

Her throat tightened, and she pretended she had forgotten her cue. She avoided Bill's eyes and murmured, "Bill, this is Larry."

Bill said politely, "Glad you came along, Larry."

She saw him eyeing Larry speculatively. A sudden panic seized her as she thought, "Suppose he asks me, 'Is this guy the reason why I haven't been able to get a date with you for three weeks? What goes on, anyway?'"

She prayed that he wouldn't. She hadn't come all the way up here to break the news like this, standing dusty and dishevelled in the road, with her lines not even rehearsed.

She said quickly, "Oh, Bill, where's Aunt Lib and Uncle Fred? Do they know we're here?"

Bill obligingly raised his voice in a lusty haloo. Almost immediately the front door opened and Aunt Lib came running out. She was a small wiry woman with a skin like a dried russet apple. Her face was bright with welcome, and she had started to throw her arms about Jane when Larry stepped from behind the car. Seeing him, she drew back in sudden dignity and folded her hands under her apron.

Jane knew what that abrupt withdrawal meant. She said, almost apologetically, "Aunt Lib, this is Larry. You have a room for him, haven't you?"

Aunt Lib allowed grudgingly that maybe she could put him up. Her hostility was like a frost. Jane told herself miserably, "She sees through me! Larry was the tip-off. Of course she'd take Bill's side—he's like her own son. Oh, dear!" she mourned. "Why did I ever let Larry come up here? Why didn't I have the gumption to see it through by myself?"

She could have wept with relief when Uncle Fred appeared. He had come straight from the barn, she could smell it as he wrung her hand and said, over and over, "Janey! Little Janey!"

Jane announced, "There are going to be three of us this time. Uncle Fred, this is Larry."

"Howdy," said Uncle Fred. His faded blue eyes were puzzled.

Jane thought pitifully, "He doesn't know what it's all about, but it's got him worried." She said with effortful cheeriness, "Isn't anyone going to ask us in? I know my room, but someone will have to show Larry where he beds down."

"I'll show him," said Aunt Lib shortly. She turned and went into the house. Larry made no move to follow her. For a moment Jane didn't understand what he was waiting for. Then she knew. He was waiting, she realized with a hot flash of embarrassment, for Uncle Fred to carry his bags into the house.

For an instant she had an almost irresistible impulse to cry, "Larry, you idiot! Uncle Fred isn't Meadows! This is his home, he's your host. Carry your own bags!"

Then she realized with a sickening stab of self-reproach that this was her fault. He was so used to being waited on. She should have ■ Continued on page 34



She cupped her hand over the receiver and appealed to Larry, "He wants me to go out with him tonight! What shall I tell him?"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

I'LL TELL HIM tomorrow

By FRANCES BOLTON

THEY WERE halfway out the door when the phone rang. Jane murmured apologetically, "Larry, d'you mind?"

She snapped on the lights and went back to the phone. Her voice was wary, apprehensive, as she said, "Hello!"

"How about tonight?" the voice on the phone wanted to know.

"Oh—Bill!" The sound of her words made it plain that her worst fears had been justified. She might have been a child caught with both hands in the cookie jar. She stammered, "H—hold the wire a minute, Bill. I—I think there's someone at the door."

She cupped her palm over the receiver and appealed to Larry, "He wants me to go out with him tonight! What shall I tell him?"

"Persistent cuss," remarked Larry. He spun his black fedora on one finger. "Tell him not tonight or any other night. Tell him, 'I want you to be the first to know . . .'"

"Oh, Larry," she implored, "be serious! After all, Bill and I were practically engaged. How shall I tell him?"

"Tell him any way you like," advised Larry, "but get it over with!"

Jane shook her head. "No, I can't do it over the phone. It's not decent! I'll find a way to see him tomorrow. I'll tell him tomorrow! Cross my heart."

She turned back to the phone and spoke with nervous rapidity for a few moments. Then suddenly she exclaimed in a shocked voice, "Shokan! Oh, I bad forgotten, Bill. Look, can I call you back? Please."

She returned the receiver to its base and faced Larry. She was small and blond and rather fragile, but when she stuck out her chin she could look very determined.

She announced, "Larry, I've got to tell you about Bill."

"But I know about Bill," Larry muttered plaintively. "He's the guy who won't take no for an answer."

"You don't know about Bill," Jane contradicted him. "You see, he's like me. I mean, he hasn't got any family, to speak of. His mother married a second time and lived abroad. When my mother died, father sent me away to a farm. Bill was there. Alone, it would have been unbearable, because we both knew we had been sent there to be got out of the way. But because there were two of us we didn't mind so much."

"After that we came back every summer; it was less bother to let us go where we wanted, so no one objected. Then, later, when we were grown-up and on our own, we always arranged to take our vacations at the same time so we could go back to Shokan—"

Larry cut in. "Darling, it's frightfully interesting, but I don't see why you choose this particular moment—"

"I'll tell you why," said Jane. "It's because Bill is going to Shokan tomorrow. And he expects me to go with him."

"But you're coming with me!" Larry reminded her. "You're coming down to the Island tomorrow, and mother's going to announce our engagement—"

"She mustn't!" cried Jane. "Not till I tell Bill!"



—W.V. Chambers

**"Go on!" said the man Jane had promised to marry.
"Tell him about us. He's got to know some time. You
can't put it off any longer!" . . . and Jane promised,
cross her heart, that she'd tell him . . . tomorrow**



Several of the camps have a Mother's Nook, run by the Y. M. C. A. Women's Auxiliary. Volunteer "mothers" sew on insignia, buttons.



A scene in one of the canteens in a large city. Soldiers write letters, play games, read books supplied by libraries and women's organizations.



Time out for refreshments at the newly opened sports area at No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto. There are facilities for all sports at these grounds and they're open from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m.

It is the opinion of company officers and of chaplains, that few individuals make any change in their drinking habits merely because they have put off civilian clothes and put on a uniform; and some officers emphasized their observations that a large majority of the younger men do not drink intoxicants at all. They got into the habit of absorbing large quantities of certain popular brands of soft drinks during their school years, and they have come to prefer these comparatively harmless thirst quenchers to beer or whisky.

RECENTLY WE spent a rather chilly week-end in a small city located near a large camp, the origin of many tall tales concerning soldierly saturnalias. It was about as dull a time as we can remember ever having experienced. There were at least four men in uniform for every civilian male on the streets that Saturday night. The hotel beverage rooms were jammed with soldiers and airmen. So were the picture houses; but there was absolutely no serious disorder, and we saw only three mild arguments. Hotelkeepers close their beverage rooms early when such action is indicated by their own judgment, or upon request from the military authorities. Military Police and Air Force were out in numbers, making the rounds at regular intervals. Beery individuals inclined to boisterousness were either taken care of by their companions, refused service by the waiters and eventually eased off the premises, or started on their way back to camp by M.P.'s.

On the streets, soldiers and their girls strolled arm in arm along the sidewalks, looking in shop windows, and almost every man in uniform who went to a movie had a lady friend by his side; but there was no more legitimate reason to spy out evil in those companionships than there would have been had the men worn civvies.

Merchants, hotelmen and municipal officials are practically unanimous in their opinion that "generally speaking, the boys behave themselves splendidly, and we're glad to have them around."

Inside the camps the soldier finds plenty to do with his time. He goes through a stiff course of training as a daily routine, and his off-duty hours are usually pretty well filled for him by the many grand folks who have undertaken to see that he is entertained. Athletic programs, participating games and spectator sports are

War always brings with it a set of social problems, which today are undoubtedly more complex than ever before in our history. How are we solving them?

at hand conveniently for his choice. Concert parties put on shows for him, and there are frequent movies to be seen. If he is ambitious and studious, the Canadian Legion Educational Services will start him on a correspondence course. Should he want to read, play cards, pool, ping-pong or other table games, or if he yearns merely to sit around and talk and smoke, the huts of the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and the Knights of Columbus, with their snack bars and their soft drink canteens, are his to command. Some excessively introverted servicemen could succeed in feeling lonely

in the middle of a family reunion assembled to celebrate their grandfather's one hundredth birthday, but they are rare specimens. Truth is, most of the boys in training have a pretty good time of it, while they are in camp. When any of them get into trouble, it is usually when they get tangled up with civilian influences outside the camp area.

Women "camp followers" of the most degraded type are a problem. They have gathered in considerable numbers in the vicinity of the big encampments, and in cities where servicemen are assembled. Control or elimination of this evil is a job for the civil police, since the naval or military authority does not extend beyond the men in uniform. Therefore, the extent of their depredations often depends upon the efficiency, or otherwise, of the municipal police force immediately concerned; but the provincial constabulary and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have the power to deal with these women under certain conditions, and a plan for closer co-operation between the three police branches now being formulated will, it is expected, eventually control the evil to a much greater extent than it is controlled today.

A more perplexing difficulty is involved in the question of what to do about girls who are not necessarily bad, but are wayward and foolish. Many of these young women are employed away from home. They are lonely, the uniform attracts them, and they sometimes get themselves and their boy friends into serious trouble. Here is a condition no law-enforcement machinery can remedy. The job requires concerted and planned action, perhaps by some entirely new social organization or group. Leading citizens are conferring across Canada in an attempt to formulate plans for some such structure. ■

Continued on page 43

Sunday afternoon is visitors' day in camp. For out-of-town soldiers who have no one to visit them, regular Sunday afternoon tea are arranged. These Norwegian airmen seem to have taken readily to the "tea and cakes" habit.

In the "hostess houses" a married soldier can get together with his family for a few hours of leave. Perhaps the soldier below didn't have time to go home, but this living room provided by the Y.W.C.A. is a good substitute.





There are canteens both inside and outside the military camps. They are operated on a strictly non-profit basis, helpers are volunteers. Here's one of the Red Triangle Clubs for men of the forces on leave.

The SOLDIER

and his spare-time problems

By FREDERICK EDWARDS

SGOOD a place as any to begin this article, is with the obvious premise that war, an abnormal condition, compels all sorts of unnatural things to happen. Because of war, husbands are separated from wives, brothers from sisters, sons from parents, parents from children, and sweethearts one from another. A state of war concentrates tens of thousands of men in huge encampments amid strange surroundings, often thousands of miles from home. To some small towns and to other big cities, war may bring a temporary prosperity, but that prosperity may be accompanied by a feverish unrest, sometimes leading to lawlessness. Upon social agencies and welfare organizations war thrusts an entirely new and unfamiliar accumulation of complicated problems.

And war is a great breeder of rumors. Ever since Canada began to enlist and train men for the Navy, the Army and the Air Force, there have been tales abroad concerning conditions in towns and cities where servicemen have been gathered in large numbers. There have been rumors of drunkenness, of assaults upon women,

of robbery with violence, of deserted families left destitute, of prostitutes gathering at camp barriers, and of venereal disease being widespread.

Some weeks ago the editor of *Chatelaine* sent this reporter out upon an attempt to trace some of these disturbing hearths to their sources, and to discover just how much of their content is true, and how much false. We talked to sailors and soldiers and airmen; to officers and N.C.O.'s. We interviewed civilian clergymen and military padres, army medical officers and physicians in private practice. We visited with the heads of numerous welfare organizations, particularly those caring for women and children. We went to the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., and to municipal authorities. And this is what we found.

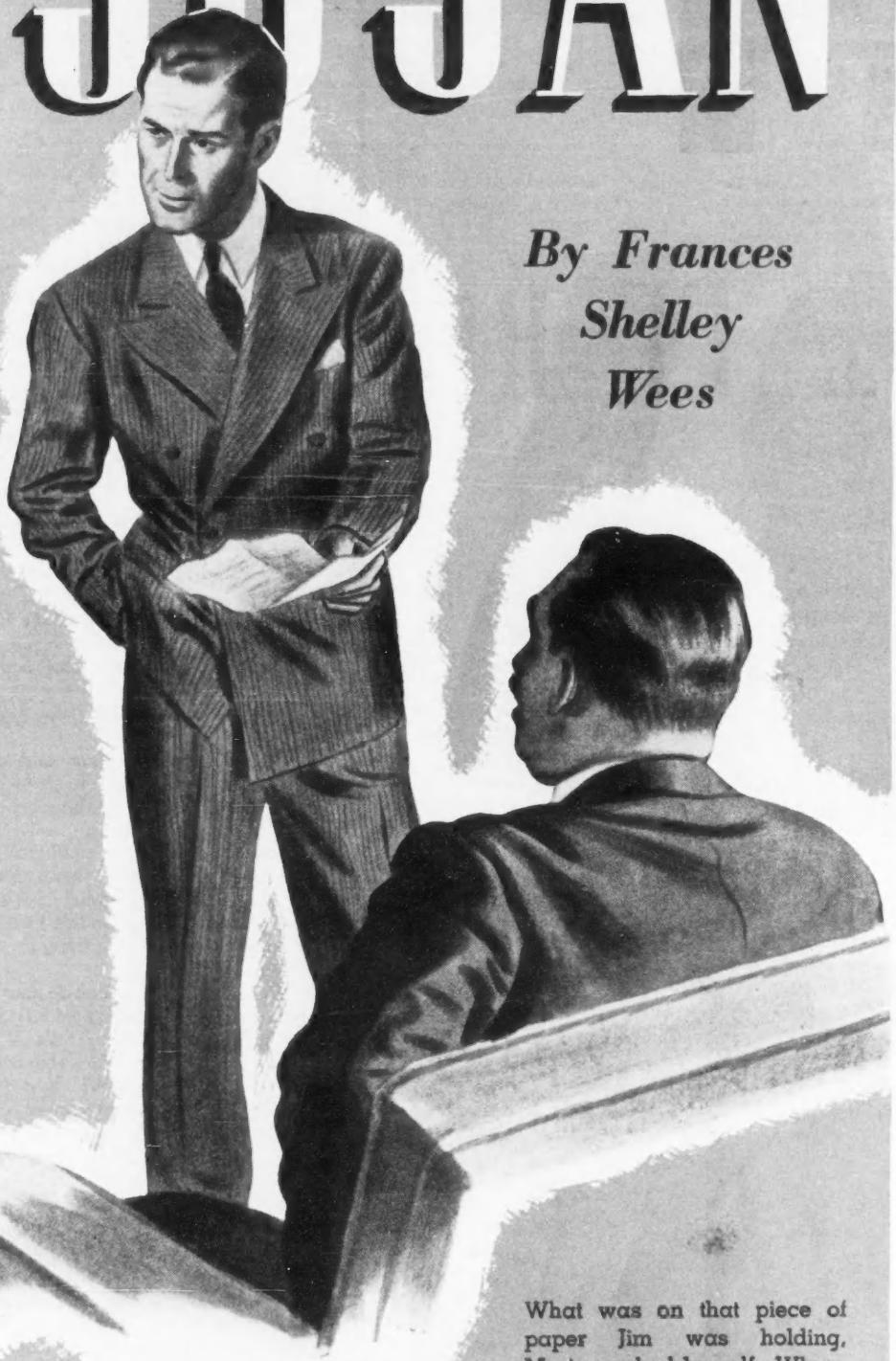
There have been in the past year and a half some instances of violence on the part of individual soldiers, and of small groups of men in uniform. One or two of them have been pretty nasty, exactly as such similar outbreaks are nasty in civil life. Sometimes the motive was plain robbery. In others it was revenge for some

affront, real or fancied, put upon a serviceman or his pals by indiscreet and loose-tongued civilians. The toll of such incidents is now steadily decreasing, the military authorities say, because undesirables are being weeded out, and the passage of time is bringing the enlisted man into an understanding and acceptance of discipline, something that at first was strange to him and irksome to his temperament.

Criminal offenses by men in uniform are rare, and when they do occur, the guilty man is severely punished. First he is turned over to the civil police for trial. When he has completed his prison sentence, a court martial has the power to try him and convict him again for the same offense, and his military punishment is followed by a dishonorable discharge. Knowledge of the severity of the double penalty seems likely to restrain even the most reckless. Officers take pains to see to it that the men are fully informed on this, as well as on other pertinent points of military law, at regular lectures.

Enlisted men who were drinkers in civil life continue to drink in the services, and to about the same extent.

STAR SUSAN



*By Frances
Shelley
Wees*

What was on that piece of paper Jim was holding, Marian asked herself. Where had it come from?

little Sunday school boy, Jim. Trust in God and your fellow-men and do the right and nobody'll talk about you behind your back. It sounds terribly interesting."

She wasn't looking at him when she spoke. She was looking at a folded piece of paper that she had picked up off the sofa. She turned it round and round in her hand and looked at it without seeing it. But when Jim did not answer, she glanced at him, and there was something new in his face; something taut and firm, a look she had never seen there when he was talking to her. It gave her a shock, so that she began quickly to pull herself together. She was saying too much, she was going too far.

She got up quickly. She went over to the mantel and laid the folded piece of paper on it, as if that's what she had got up for. She said, "Jim, I'm sorry I spoke the way I did. I think you're right. Of course we'll have to live it down; face it and live it down. That's all."

Her father stared at her. He said heavily, "That's all right for you. You won't be—"

"It will have to be all right for all of us," Marian said sharply. "If it's all right for Jim, if he's willing to face it, it's all right for the rest of us."

Her father said bitterly, "There's one thing won't be so easy to face."

"The penitentiary investigation," Jim supplied evenly.

They both looked at him. He got out of his chair. He stood at the corner of the mantel and took up the folded piece of paper Marian had laid there, to turn it round and round in his fingers as she had been doing.

The mayor didn't catch the undertones in Jim's voice. He said at once, "Well, yes. That's it. I don't see how I'm going to decide which way to swing it. I don't know whether it's better to have them keep Spack in, or let him out. I don't know which would be worse. I don't know which side to put my weight on."

Still in that smiling, even tone, Jim said, "From what I've heard of Sir Harry Nicol-Stewart, Mr. Parsons, once he comes into the thing you may as well not bother about your weight. It won't have any effect, one way or the other."

The mayor's face was mottled. He got up from the sofa. "I'd like to wring that girl's neck," he said bitterly. "What's she got to do with all this, anyway, pushing herself into things that don't concern her?" He went on and on. Marian did not listen; it looked as if Jim's mind, too, were on some deep problem of his own.

What was it?

Marian suddenly, and for the first time in her life, began to be really frightened. After all, there was nothing for her but Jim, nor ever had been, and she knew it. A man less true, less clean-minded, would know too much about her. Jim was the only man who could give her strength and self-respect. It was not only that she was going to need him now, to help her face the world after Dorothy's miserable trouble; it was not that it looked as if life in Cedarvale, after all, might have something worth while to offer; it was that she herself had to have Jim; why, she had always had him! It was just that she had wanted other things, too . . .

Was it Susan he was thinking of, there so deeply?

She said sharply, "Probably that girl, Susan, is sympathetic with Dorothy because she's had much the same sort of trouble."

Jim raised his head and looked at her. Oh, that hadn't been the right thing to say . . . but she felt desperate, driven.

Her father said, "Huh, I bet a nickel that's it. I bet she's hiding from it right now. Sure, I bet that's it. That's why she'd get on to Dorothy when nobody else did. Had experience, huh?"

Jim didn't say anything. He picked up the folded paper on the mantel, smoothed it out, looked at the back, folded it up again.

Marian said, getting hold of herself, "Jim, I didn't mean to say that. Perhaps I offended you. I know you see quite a lot of Susan, living there next door to her. It's probably not true."

"No," he said quietly, "it's probably not true." He turned the paper over again, and unfolded it so that the writing was uppermost, and smoothed it over his fingers. What was that paper, anyway?

"Jim."

"Yes?"

"You look as if there's something you want to say. What is it? You think ■ Continued on next page

MRS. HATHAWAY came down from the room where she had tucked Dorothy into bed with the sedative Jim had made up for her. She went into the office, and Jim was standing there at the window, staring out at nothing. His mother said dryly, "This is pretty bad."

"It isn't so good."

"Marian and her father are going to take it very hard."

Jim said nothing.

"Did you know that Susan had been trying to help Dorothy?"

He swung round. "Susan?"

While his mother told him the things Dorothy had just said, he picked up a letter opener and ran it up and down across his finger. "And this morning," Mrs. Hathaway finished, "Mr. Parsons came raging out to Jean's looking for Susan. While she was over on the hill."

"Parsons knows Susan has written to Sir Harry Nicol-Stewart?"

"Dorothy told Marian. Marian told her father."

"It's going to be a pretty mess," Jim said heavily. "Like pulling out the bottom card when you get the house all built. I—hadn't realized that the whole structure is so—flimsy." He turned again. "Mother, do you think it's true that he railroaded young Spack? I never believed those rumors."

"Dorothy says they're true. From Mr. Parsons' anger at Susan, I'd wonder, anyway."

Jim pressed his lips together. His mother said suddenly, anxiously, "Jim?"

"Well," he said, in answer. Then, "I can't marry Marian, I've found that out separately. Only now, with this Dorothy trouble, there doesn't seem to be any way to handle it decently. Only rats desert a sinking ship. There'll be enough rats. It doesn't seem a good idea for me to be one, too. I don't know just what to do, right now."

His mother's heart leaped at the first words, and the blood was warm in her again. He had made his decision, then.

"Mother?"

"Well, dear," she said thoughtfully, "just do what's right and strong." She considered. "Things have a queer way of handling themselves, sometimes."

JIM DROVE downtown slowly, on his way to find Mr. Parsons at the store. Another car slid into the curb just ahead of him, in front of the store, and the license number caught Jim's attention. 520K9. This was the car, a much-travelled coupé, that had been down at the old quarry the other night, the car Susan hadn't wanted him to see. Susan had been so distressed over something that evening, that he did not tell her he had seen the car and noted the number—carelessly enough, as it was not a local car. But Susan's fear had somehow impressed the number on his mind.

The driver got out of the other car, hesitated, and then turned to come up the street toward Jim. Jim had seen him before and knew vaguely who he was; a travelling salesman, related to somebody in the town. He came along toward Jim, and it seemed as if he were going to stop. But he changed his mind and went on, although his eyes met Jim's oddly, a straight unhappy sort of glance. Odd. As if there were something he wanted very much to say—something that was troubling him.

Jim looked after him thoughtfully. He was handsome, debonair, insouciant; but the look in his eyes was not like that. It was serious, and—very strangely—sympathetic. Why? There was an answer right on the edge of Jim's mind, but he would not look at it. Instead, he found himself—for no reason, surely—stacking himself up against this man Ben Brown. Stacking his own seriousness, heaviness, against that other's apparent lightheartedness. There was something very attractive about lightheartedness, about that easy way of walking, those swinging shoulders. Maybe a man could cultivate that pleasant, swinging way of going through life, as perhaps this chap had. Maybe you could work just as hard and accomplish just as much, and yet life would seem easier and gayer.

"Hi ya, doc," said a dry voice at Jim's elbow. It belonged to Buffy Pendleton, the town constable.

Jim looked down at him. After a minute he said, "Buffy, what sort of chap is that Ben Brown, going up the street? I've seen him around for a while, but I don't think I ever talked to him. What's he like?"

Concluding

Buffy's honest old blue eyes looked at him sharply. He said carefully, "What ways, doc? Business?"

"All ways. What's he like?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," Buffy said slowly, "he's all right. He's got kind of a hard row to hoe, lookin' like an actor, that way. Or somethin' handsome. But he's on the straight. I kep' a good eye on him. I know. He's a jollier, like the rest of the travellers; they git to be that way. But he's all right."

Jim said, "He's mixed up with some girl around town, isn't he? That doesn't sound so straight, Buffy."

A slow tide of red rose up in Buffy's plain round face. He said, "They's been plenty of girls after him. They's one girl, she's been pretty shrewd after him. Trouble is, she's spoiled. Always had her own way. She wants him bad. But I said he's on the straight, and I know that's true. I keep my eye on things like that pretty close."

Jim's eyes were on the faded blue ones. He was going to say something. He was going to say . . . can't he just walk away from her? But the words wouldn't come. Because, away in the back of his mind, something happened. If—if the answer to that question turned out to be the thing he could see it might be . . .

"Well," Buffy said, "I got to be going." And went.

Jim went slowly into the big store and up the stairs. The mayor was not in. Jim stood in the open office door for a long time, his mind full of little bits of jigsaw puzzle. He kept turning them around and around. They fitted together too well.

MARIAN SAT on the sofa in her father's living room and said nothing, did nothing. Her father had been walking up and down the room, tearing his hair and groaning, going through all the motions that betrayed fathers went through in the movies. Marian's mind had taken note of the fact through the dull misery that pervaded it. There was no use her saying it couldn't be true, as her father had said over and over. The minute Jim had begun to speak, she knew the whole story. She could guess what was coming. Maybe the marriage had been a surprise, but it didn't make any difference. Dorothy had finished them, finally and effectually; they could never hold up their heads in Cedarvale again. They could never hold their heads up anywhere, because this was the kind of thing that followed you all your life. Her mind took note of these facts, too, but she hadn't really begun to realize them. She felt lost.

Jim stood with an elbow on the mantel, his head propped in his hand, his foot moving slowly back and forth between two outposts of the pattern on the carpet. After a long time Marian said bitterly, "Don't do that."

Jim looked up, startled, said, "Sorry," and went and sat down in the chair in the corner. He looked unhappy too. Well, he was in this, Marian thought coldly and said scornfully, "I suppose that girl, Susan, knows all this. I suppose this is why she's been talking about trying to get him out of prison. That makes everything lovely. She's been encouraging Dorothy in this; she's been helping her keep it quiet."

Jim's face was quiet. He said, "You want me to make a suggestion?"

"I want anybody to make a suggestion."

"Well, it seems to me there's only one thing to do. Face it."

"Face it? What do you mean, face it?"

"Well, just that. What else can you do? Sooner or later, no matter what happens, the truth is bound to come out. Young Spack knows, remember. Maybe his people know. You can't hide it. And there's no special reason why you should. The youngsters have probably made a mistake, but they've tried their best to be on the level about it. If you tell the story yourselves, if you do your best for Dorothy, if you try to help the boy when he comes out of prison, you'll have everybody's sympathy. People around here are pretty nice. If you'll just be square and honest about it, you'll be surprised at the kindness and loyalty you'll get."

Marian laughed angrily. "You always were a good

Illustrated by
Hy Rubin





Lunch is what you make it

—and when it's company for lunch, you want to make it something "extra", don't you? So, how about your favorite salad (perhaps sliced orange, grapefruit and avocado, with a lime-juice French dressing), "party" sandwiches, and sponge cake with vanilla ice cream and butterscotch sauce? And let's start off with the perfect soup for the occasion . . . Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, smooth as cream itself, with tender young mushroom slices, and filled with real mushroom flavor.

Party or no party, Campbell's Cream of Mushroom is a soup to serve often—attractive to look at, and very, *very* good to eat! Don't wait for your next company meal to try it. Surprise the family, maybe tomorrow, with steaming plates of this delicious mushroom soup.

Campbell's
Cream of Mushroom



MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN KITCHENS AT NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

we've failed with Dorothy, don't you? You think father and I haven't been sympathetic enough with her, don't you? You're probably right. Only she's different, somehow; she's always been different. She's weak, and yet she's stubborn. She's hard to understand. It's hard to be sympathetic with a plan of life you can't understand, approve of. Maybe you ought to be sympathetic anyway. Is that what you think? Maybe it's all right to be like Dorothy, not ambitious, not wanting to be anything or anybody, not fighting yourself all the time, but giving in to yourself. But I—I don't think so. And it's hard to stand by and see somebody you love throwing away her life."

"Yes," Jim said. "I can see that." "We've only done what we thought was best for her, always."

"Yes," he said again.

Marian's father caught the note of resistance in Jim's voice. He said impatiently, "Well, what else could we have done? Would you've liked to see me pay that young thief's debts, take him out of the bank, give him a job in the store, marry him to Dorothy then and there? You think that's what I should have done?"

Jim said slowly, "I wouldn't know, Mr. Parsons. I don't spend much time figuring out how other people ought to live. Maybe you wouldn't have come to a place like that with Dorothy if, instead of putting pressure on her to live your way, you'd tried to help her work out her own way. I don't know, it's a pretty complicated thing, life. Only, pressure never seems to help. And trying to stamp one particular pattern on another person doesn't usually get very far. All you get is a muddle, nothing comes clear. Maybe what I think is that you have to figure people out, see what each one's pattern is, and help it along, wherever it looks as if it might come out true and straight, and even in the places where it gets twisted." He went on thinking, looking down at the paper in his hands, thinking. But suddenly something happened; it was as if he began to read the words there on the paper, and they caught at him.

What was that paper? It was something of his, wasn't it? Where had it come from; what was it?

What he had said was a direct attack on her, really, Marian decided. She wasn't going to let him go too far.

"Jim, you might have to deal with a pattern that was perfectly useless. Something that never would come to anything, something anybody could see wasn't worth helping. I suppose you'd still put your weight behind it, just because somebody else wanted to work it out that way? Is that what you'd do? It sounds pretty weak and feeble to me. Not very discriminating."

But he didn't answer her; not for a long time. Then he looked up, and his face was white and his eyes burned her. He looked at her steadily, a terrible look, a thing she couldn't understand. Her father saw it too, and stared at him, open-mouthed.

He put the paper down on the mantelpiece. Then he said evenly, "If I found a pattern like that I wouldn't put my weight behind it, no. I wouldn't put my life behind it." Then he was at the door, walking with his long free steps, and through it, and it was closed behind him.

"Now what in the name of heaven was he talking about?" her father demanded. "What were you two talking about?

YOUR WAR WORK

Please Knit for the Navy

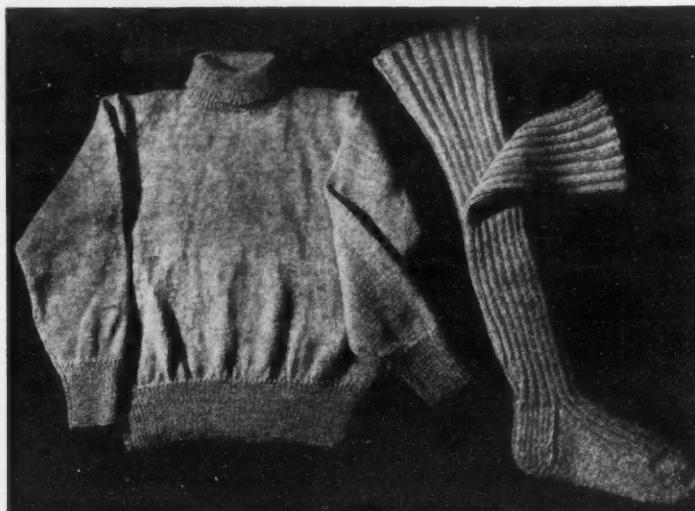


These mitts are the kind the sailors like—the fingers are easily freed for work.



The warm helmet with broad chest protector is a great comfort on the cold high seas.

Another type of helmet which is very popular with the men of the navy. Quite easy to knit!



The heavy wool, the high turtle neck, and long sleeves make this a gift every sailor wants.

Seaman's stockings must be long and thickly made of staunch wool to stand the heavy wear.

Isn't he coming back? What about Dorothy? What's to be done about her? Isn't he coming back?"

Marian took up the letter on the mantel and read it.

There wasn't anything to say.

IT WAS the morning of the twenty-fifth of June, the day before the great, the important luncheon. Jean's kitchen was full of delicious smells, and every cupboard and table was piled with the materials of the noble meal in preparation. Jean was out of the kitchen for the moment, having gone out to the highway to see what the postman had put into the box and to get a breath of air. On his own special table at the side of the room were the materials for tomorrow's salad. He would not mix his dressing until just before the luncheon tomorrow, because the tender herbs, the delicate oils and vinegars and flavorings lost their subtle difference if they were too long blended. The vegetables for the salad would be picked from the garden in the early morning, cleaned and packed in a box of ice.

Susan herself was at the big table under the window, busy with the jellied turkey. It was really an imposing task, preparing this pièce de résistance; no wonder it was hard to find, that it was a dish for which a gourmet would make a considerable pilgrimage.

Jean came in the kitchen door. He had two or three letters in his hand, and the morning paper from the city. He stood in the middle of the floor and read his letters, frowning, his lips mouthing the English words to get the feel of them.

He said suddenly, "Susan!"
"Yes?"

He rushed across the room, with the paper open in his hands. He pushed it under her nose. "In the paper!" he said ecstatically. "Already it is in the paper, with even the name of the Fleur-de-lis! It is in the paper, Susan, that tomorrow Sir Harry Nicol-Stewart is to be here for lunch. Now, I ask you, has it not begun? Fame and fortune, is it not already on the way?"

Susan took the paper and sank down on the kitchen stool. She read the story through quickly, and there it was. Somebody from Cedarvale must have sent it in. Sir Harry wouldn't have done it. He knew she was here, he knew she didn't want personal publicity, above all things; he wouldn't have told anybody he was coming here, thinking of Susan.

"You do not like it? You do not think it is so good?" Jean asked anxiously.

"Oh, I think it's all right, Jean. I'm sorry it appeared before tomorrow."

"You mean—bad luck? You mean, boasting before an enterprise? You mean, so?"

"Maybe something like that," Susan said, because she couldn't tell him what it was she did mean.

This story would bring the reporters, tomorrow. Having the reporters here now would be horrible. Everything was so mixed and muddled and unhappy, and any sort of story could make things a thousand times worse for them all. Reporters could find tragedy here, and broken hearts; they would find anything they wanted to find, according to their own minds. They would find a rich girl trying to break up a match between the poor young doctor and his faithful fiancée; they would find a political angle, the mayor's angle, and maybe write

■ *Continued on page 38*

This is "Old English"

SHARP cheddar flavor in pasteurized cheese that cooks perfectly



For each sandwich, toast a slice of bread (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread the untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise, cover with slice of peeled tomato, then with a slice of "Old English" and a strip of partially broiled bacon. Place under low broiler heat or in moderate (350°) oven until cheese is melted. Serve hot.



Besides this ½-lb. package, there's a thrifty 2-lb. family-size loaf, of "Old English" style.



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

Part Time Girl :: Continued from page 7

it me that makes you feel your age?"

He shook his head. "No. Something that happened today."

"Oh."

"I got word of my mother's death." Odd that he could tell this girl so easily when he had shied from telling Cyn.

Paige drew in her breath, reached out her hand, withdrew it. They drove in silence. Then she said, "I guess she must be far off or you'd have gone to her. I never think much about death."

He nodded. "That's best."

He could feel her eyes sliding over his face, studying him. He tried to recall their color and couldn't. Mostly he had noticed, and mostly he recalled, her figure. She was beautifully made, tall, slim, womanly. That's why she dated so young, he caught himself thinking. Fourteen, Cyn, he recalled, had had her first date when she was seventeen and that not with a college boy but with him. And it had been Cyn's eyes he had noticed—clear, lovely, cornflower eyes.

Paige must have finished her study of him and made up her mind about whatever she was weighing. For now she came up closer to him, leaving her head against his arm.

He smiled and thought: I could ask her to marry me if I wanted to. He slowed the car, turned his head and looked down into her face. Her eyes met his steadily and she smiled before she kissed him.

WHEN THEY were having some supper after the show, he saw that her eyes were dark, cloudy. Dark brown possibly or black, though they were uncovered so seldom by the thick, curling lashes that it was hard to be sure.

He took her home after that and did not kiss her good night. He was surprised when he heard himself asking, "Busy tomorrow night?"

She shook her head, the long thick hair waving over her square shoulders.

"The same time," he said.

After he got home, he stood before the mirror, taking out his tie pin. He grinned at his reflection. Sandy greying hair, long nose, thin lips, humorous eyes. She was an amusing kid.

Then as he lay in bed, with the lights out, he wondered why he had asked to see her again. After all, it wasn't necessary now that he take out only her kind. He might try going out with the girl in the telegraph office. She was the other kind, his mother's and Cynthia's kind. He knew. There was that firmness in her mouth, that withdrawal in her lucid eyes. But he needn't be afraid of that now. He was free. Except, of course, for Cynthia.

THE NEXT noon when he arrived at Mrs. McGurk's for lunch, his landlady gave him a telephone number. He called and Paige answered.

"I risked compromising you," she said brightly. "My mother would like to know, will you come for dinner tonight?" There was a note in her voice he didn't understand.

"Certainly," he replied, surprised.

"Thank you. At six-thirty then." She hung up.

Carl returned thoughtfully to his meal. Mrs. McGurk hovered near the table. She was a kindly woman who felt motherly toward these lonely strangers whom she took into her house.

Now she said, "You were out with Paige Sheldon last night."

He nodded, knowing what was coming.

"Watch out for her, my boy. Her father owes everybody in town. Never was no good, for all his hand-shaking. Nor is she."

Carl laughed, taking no offense. He was familiar with the type of landlady who puts her boarders wise.

"She seems like a nice kid," he said.

"Nice kid!" Mrs. McGurk folded her arms confidentially on a chairback. "She's chased every single man in this county and there's those that say the married, too."

"There must be something wrong with the men around here," he commented. "If I were in their shoes, I'd chase her."

"That's where you'd be a fool, my boy. She ain't worth no nice man's time. Her folks been trying to marry that girl off since she was knee-high to a grasshopper, but men don't pick the tarnished ones to marry, and she was an old story by the time she was seventeen. She was a laughin' stock among all the decent people. Then when they sent her to finishin' school!" She gave a snorting laugh.

"Finishing school?" he asked, surprised, and then recalled a certain poised charm about her, underneath the mockery, the defiance.

"Sure thing! She was to marry one of the rich brothers or uncles of her classmates. But it didn't work out that way, even though Mrs. Stoddard—that's the wife of Albert Stoddard who owns the paper mill—used to lend Paige her nice dresses to make a showing. Old Sheldon, you know, travels with that country club bunch. That's why he's always in debt, him just a bank teller. Well, Paige was back home after six months in finishin' school, and they've been suing Casey Sheldon for her tuition ever since!"

Mrs. McGurk disappeared kitchenward, returning presently with a slice of apple pie. She put it down in front of Carl. "Mark my words, they'll ask you to eat up there, but you'll get no such pie as that, and what you do get won't be paid for. They never miss a chance to impress any of Paige's men, and she's fool enough to think they help her along. Sometimes I think she ain't quite bright."

PAIGE OPENED the door to his ring. She was wearing a yellow sweater and a short full skirt. Her long legs were bare except for yellow ankle socks and flat-heeled saddle shoes. Her hair was tied back, carelessly, with a bright green ribbon.

"Enter," she said, and took his hat. "We're all in here."

She led the way into the living room. His first impression was one of confusion. Too many pictures, mostly family ones, many of Paige in posed, dramatic attitudes, bare shoulders, furred shoulders, smiling, laughing, grave. Too much furniture, colorful and shabby. Too many rugs, thrown every which way, too many people and animals.

He saw a cat cleaning its long grey fur on a scarred piano bench, a dog chewing a rubber ball, a bowl of gleaming goldfish, before Paige began. "This is mother. Carl Morgan, mother . . ." a



Where does he put it?

YOUNGSTERS, as they reach their teens, often develop an extraordinary capacity for food. Many a puzzled mother has said, "I don't know where he puts it!"

► It is important for parents to realize that in the majority of cases, such an appetite is normal and should be encouraged. One important exception, of course, is the child who shows a tendency to obesity—and in such a case a doctor should be consulted.

During the teen age, a normal child is exceptionally active. Each year he is adding 2 or 3 inches to his height and as much as 10 pounds or more to his weight. Therefore, a youngster has to eat a large amount. Too little food, or the wrong kind, can hinder normal development at this time just as truly as in infancy.

► Your doctor will tell you that an adolescent child's activities can be as strenuous as a manual labourer's—sometimes requiring from 50% to 75% more food than is needed by the average adult. That's why it may be perfectly proper for Junior to tuck away lots more dinner than his office-working Dad!

Three generous meals a day should include milk, cereals, vegetables, fruits, meat and eggs—all so

necessary for growth and good health. Furthermore, these meals should include wholesome desserts to satisfy the "sweet tooth" that boys and girls usually develop.

► This doesn't mean, of course, that the youngster should be free to gobble anything at any time. Simple, sensible snacks may be given to the child at appropriate times if they do not affect the child's appetite at regular meals. Good, satisfying foods like milk, bread and butter, and fruits are usually easy to keep on hand for the hungry young one.

In between times—right after school, for instance, but not too close to the next regular meal—such wholesome foods tend to discourage round-the-clock "nibbling."

To help you satisfy youthful appetites, and also to avoid one-sided or indigestible diets, Metropolitan offers helpful booklets, "Food for Health in Peace and War" and the "Metropolitan Cook Book." A post card will bring you a copy of each. Address Booklet Department 3-L-41, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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fourteen, her first date, in '30 after the crash. The mother who thought she had a belle on her hands, the debt-ridden, charming father, their hopes of a quick, favorable marriage. Their over-eagerness, the fact that she was an old story by the time she reached marriageable age, then their feverish attempts to impress any man. Yes, it was easy to understand and to feel sorry for the girl.

Except that she didn't ask for sympathy. And you didn't care to offer it to one with that gallant mouth, those veiled, defiant eyes. There was usually a story, he'd found, behind those part-time girls. Something made him extend his hand, find hers and give it a squeeze. She laughed shakily, and returned the gesture.

He liked the girl, he really did. Something brave in her, bitter, maybe, but brave.

A moment later, as they drove under a street light, he looked at her. Tears glistened on her cheeks. She turned and met his eyes.

"I suppose you've known a lot of girls like me," she said. "Probably they were thankful for you, just like me, too. You see, I don't have many dates now. In spite of what mother said. And the ones who do ask me are scared . . . it's a relief, I mean, to be with a man who knows you know the whole thing's just—just an interlude." She moved closer. "You know I don't expect—expect anything from you?"

"Of course!" He spoke sharply. She was new at this game, apparently; the old hands didn't trouble to explain.

She was quiet, sensing his unexplainable annoyance, perhaps. Then she let her head drop to his shoulder. "I'm glad," she said, a little wearily. "There's someone else? Someone you couldn't marry and no one else would do?"

He started. She laughed.

"I'd like to meet her. I'd like to know one of those women who can make a man like you wait for them."

He was angry at the derisive note in her voice. "Perhaps you shall," he cut in. "It happens that I can marry her now. She'll probably be in town soon."

She was so still that he looked down at her, quickly. Her lids were closed, her face very white and quiet.

"I—I spoke unkindly, I think," he blurted out.

She shook her head, opened her eyes. "No. Take me to the club dance tomorrow night? No one's asked me."

"Glad to."

She shivered.

"You're not cold?"

"No." Her laugh was uncertain. "Sometimes I do that. Isn't someone supposed to be walking on my grave? You know, Carl, I think I'll get a job." She sat up. "I've never had one except selling Christmas cards and silk underwear. There's a place open at the gas office. Dad's got some pull. I took a business course in high school." She looked sideways at him, her expression wry.

He remembered all the other part-time girls he had known. They'd had jobs. Maybe a job kept girls like them from shivering, as Paige had done, when they got scared, suddenly, when something made them realize that life was passing them by.

"Why don't you?" he said, and wondered at the surge of protest that welled up within him.

CHATELAINE, MARCH, 1941

CYNTHIA ARRIVED the next evening, on the six-o'clock train.

The doorbell rang at Mrs. McGurk's, and his landlady called: "Lady to see you, Mr. Morgan."

He came to the top of the stairs and looked down into the boxy hall. Cynthia stood there, in furs, a small black hat with a half-face veil. Her bag was at her feet.

"Cynthia!" He ran down the stairs, genuinely delighted to see her. "How in the world . . ."

She looked tenderly up at him, her blue eyes, like cornflowers under the pale fine gold of her hair, swimming with tears.

"Carl, dear." She took his hands in both of her gloved ones. "As soon as I read of it, I came. I couldn't bear to think of you alone. She died peacefully in her sleep, didn't she?" At his abrupt nod, "It seems such a lovely way for her to go. You made her last years so very peaceful, Carl, dear, that I couldn't bear to think of her suffering at the end."

"No, she didn't suffer, died in her sleep." He was reluctant to talk about it. His grief, so shocking, so real two days before, had retreated to some inner corner of his being. It lay there quietly, assuaged by the thought that he had never in all his life been unkind to his mother.

He didn't want Cynthia to take it out, fondle it, pretend it was anything more than the grief of a grown man who for the last thirteen years had spent no more than one month in the year with his mother, whose life ran in a different groove from hers, whose life—the life her needs had forced him to create—could still run on in the same groove, unchanged, now that she was dead. Except that now he could marry Cynthia.

He thought of that as he phoned the hotel for a room for her and then hurried upstairs to dress to go out for dinner. After all those years, at last he could marry Cynthia. It was unbelievable, like the happy ending in a story that you didn't believe in but read to pass the time. Cynthia, his wife. He still wanted her. He knew that. Possibly not with the old frantic hunger, but still with hunger. She was so lovely, so cool, so perfectly the kind of woman contact with whom he had ever been forced to avoid. The woman men married, or waited for.

And now he needn't wait.

Cynthia, he knew, as he drove to the town's one restaurant, was thinking of their marriage, too. There was a controlled excitement about her, beneath her real sorrow at his mother's death. He could feel it, hear it in her cool voice.

That should please him. But it didn't. Although he loved her deeply and tenderly with almost the same dutiful love he had given to his mother, he wanted, he realized, a few more days of delicious freedom. Of going on in the life he knew so well, but of knowing that he didn't have to go on.

He loved Cynthia; how could anyone help loving her? But he didn't want to seal any bargain with her, just now. It was too delightful being free. He wanted the satisfaction, at least, of pondering this marriage to Cynthia, making some sort of pretense that he was deciding about it.

It was at dinner that he told Cynthia, when she said, smiling at him, "I won't ask you to amuse me this evening, Carl. I know you want to be alone," that he was attending a country club dance that

BEAUTY CULTURE

A Department of Style, Health and Personality



Why You Need Foundation Preparations

- To hold natural moisture in the skin, and prevent cracking and drying.
- To protect the face against the wind, sun and storm, and those minute impurities which, if lodged in the skin cause enlarged pores and blackheads.
- To form a perfect base for rouge and powder. To make possible a day-long make-up which doesn't demand constant re-touching.
- To play its part in cleansing, toning and nourishing the skin.

ELL, YOU can't blame it all on the long hard winter!

Any woman will admit that cold weather is no coddler of delicate complexions. But now that spring is (metaphorically) banging on the door, there's no harm in taking a quick glance in the mirror before answering his knock.

Don't be discouraged if even a cursory survey reveals "much to be done" for beauty's sake. There are any number of things you can do to help solve your own special problem. And first and foremost this month come foundation preparations, those subtle flatterers, those enhancers of all your best points, those gentle minimizers of all your worst!

Incidentally, not all the ravages of winter can be blamed on the chill north wind. So far as Canadian complexions are concerned, nature and the elements have entered into an unfriendly alliance. One famous doctor points out that the glands inside the skin are actually less active in wintertime than in summer. Normally, the skin is kept soft and smooth by their moist secretions. Deprived of them, it soon develops lines which speedily become wrinkles.

"Beware of dryness if you want a young-looking skin," advise the beauty experts. They say that dry-skin conditions are further aggravated by the dry overheated atmosphere which is the normal indoor lot of thousands of Canadians in offices, shops and homes from September till April.

"Knowing the Canadian climate, and knowing the problems of your own complexion, you'll find that a suitable foundation will give you more satisfaction than almost any other beauty aid," cosmeticians declare.

But I never use a foundation cream, you say. Cleaning creams? Yes. Skin tonics? Yes. Lotions? Yes. But no powder base?

You know, there's a pertinent analogy to be drawn between the foundation preparation and the foundation garment. Certainly the beautiful gown deserves the right sort of foundation. You'd never think of wearing a best frock over your old two-way-stretch! And, like the foundation garment, the foundation cream suggests preservation, beautification, restoration. Figure it out for yourself!

These are strenuous days, of course. And it goes without saying that the woman who presents a brave and charming front is doing her best to keep up her own spirits, and those of her associates. British journalists are making much of the fact that the maintenance of good health and good looks is a very definite part of national defense. As London columnist Jane Clare puts it: "It isn't going to revive your husband's spirits to see you looking like a haystack when he comes home tired out from a spell of A.R.P. or Home Guard duty. What is going to cheer him considerably is to see you looking your nice normal, well-dressed, well-groomed self . . . The same goes for make-up. Keep it up! Make your face look as pretty as you know how, for other . . . Continued on next page

SKIN PROTECTION

Lesson Number 1 in our new Beauty Course discusses how to properly protect your skin

By JEAN ALEXANDER



**"Soft hands make for a
HAPPY ROMANCE,"**

says **Ilona Massey**

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

USE JERGENS LOTION,
DEAR. IT FURNISHES
ADDITIONAL SOFTENING
MOISTURE HARD-USED
HAND SKIN NEEDS

YOUR HANDS ARE
SOFT AS WHEN YOU
WERE A BRIDE

THANKS—
JERGENS
LOTION!

HE'S SWEET, MOTHER.
BUT HIS LAUNDRY IS
WRECKING MY HANDS

AND—NOT LONG AFTER

Your HANDS can so easily
be Charming...

Thousands of sought-after girls
use Jergens Lotion! The favorite way to delightful, soft hands. Regular use actually helps prevent embarrassing roughness and chap-

ping; because Jergens furnishes softening moisture for your hand skin.

Many doctors apply 2 special ingredients to help rough skin to divine smoothness. Both are in Jergens Lotion. Never sticky! Start now to use Jergens. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.



FREE!.. PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

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(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd.,
4322 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
I want to see how quickly Jergens Lotion helps me have soft hands. Please send my free purse-size bottle.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov. _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

really, simply, almost girlishly cut, softening the dramatic lines of her figure, softening the strained, valiant lines of her face.

Over the dress she wore a fur coat. Not the shabby jacket he had seen the night before, but a really fine, expensive coat. The kind of coat, he knew, that women love, that kindly fathers or indulgent husbands buy for them.

He was surprised at the coat, amused at the careless way Paige handled it, at the careful way Cynthia studied it. But mostly he was touched, to the core of him, at Paige's make-believe. He suspected the care she must have put into her appearance. For she looked so young.

He was amused, touched, angry, and he understood.

His first dance was with Cynthia. He had arranged with Walt Niver, the chemist, to be extra man for the evening. Walt was now dancing with Paige. His eyes had been cynical, derisive, when he took her into his arms.

Cynthia, graceful, desirable, delicate in pale blue, said, "She must come of wealthy parents to own a coat like that."

Carl was reminded of one of his mother's quiet, thoughtful remarks. He started to shake his head and then was surprised to hear himself saying, "Undoubtedly." He wasn't used to lying.

"Isn't she a bit young for you?" she went on, her mouth quirking upward.

He found himself frowning. "I suppose, if I had any intentions other than friendliness."

She was contrite. "Of course! I'm sorry. You know how to take care of yourself. I forgot that you've—you've been forgetting with girls like her for years."

He smiled at her, forgiving her the veiled unkindness. Her kind of woman, he knew, never approved of Paige's kind.

He glanced toward Paige. "Not quite like her," he said slowly. The others, mostly, had been resigned. She wasn't quite. It touched him that she could still make a gesture like this one, attempt to dupe a woman of Cynthia's discernment.

"Poor things," Cynthia sighed. "One pities them."

So she hadn't been fooled after all.

"Why is it some women lack the ability to make men want to marry them?" she went on thoughtfully. "Is it that they try too hard?" Her clear eyes were asking: What is it about me that made you wait so long, Carl?

He said, not taking the cue, "Possibly the men are fools."

She dropped her eyes quickly. "Possibly," she said.

He thought, oddly: "Cyn won't have any trouble marrying again. She's beautiful, good, almost always kind." Then he laughed at himself. Hardly! Since he was going to marry her.

The four of them met near the punch bowl at the end of the dance. Walt, ignoring Paige, was attentive, courteous to Cynthia.

Cynthia was sweet to Paige, pretending, with not too obvious kindness, that she believed in the white dress, the innocent eyes, pretending that with her special kind of instinct she didn't recognize the signs: the sulky mouth, the tilted chin, the mutinous slow smile.

And Carl was furious, and didn't know at whom or why.

IT WAS after eleven when the police came. They went into the cloak room and selected a fur coat, and then they sent in word, for Paige.

■ Continued on page 29



**SOCIALLY ALERT
WOMEN
USE TAMPAX**

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOUR

STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out themselves... For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with antiquated pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume...

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. Now in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size, 25c. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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Your Beauty Problems

FALLING CHEEKS?

DO YOU feel that the lines of your cheeks are beginning to sag downward? It's one of the signs of the passing years which you can prevent with persistent care. These photographs illustrate simple exercises to be used with a good nourishing cream. Pat your cheeks vigorously, commencing at the bottom and going up gradually. Then massage gently in the same direction, using the first and second fingers of each hand. Caution—massage very gently, particularly around the eyes. It's the daily routine that is important. Too much energy will do more harm than good.

might be the magical formula for the new vanishing cream which really vanishes on the skin, yet leaving a delicate protective film over face and neck. One of the finest foundation creams has been designed for the dry mature skin which may suffer from tiny lines. It is wet with skin tonic before applying. And the last word in firming and tightening, as well as softening the skin, is the new oil treatment you can use at home. It leaves your face freshened and beautiful after a skin tonic rinse. And it feels marvellous.

Flattering tints in foundation preparations now make it possible for every woman to achieve her own perfect make-up harmony. "That cared-for look," as someone puts it, is something every woman can achieve, with a minimum of time, effort and money.

"Most women use too much cream in making up," is the candid comment of more than one Canadian beauty house. Four dabs of cream, on forehead, chin and cheeks, should be ample, they say. Then smooth them over your skin well, wipe off the excess, and go on from there.

If you're one of those girls who won't take a beauty lesson seriously unless you know the *why* of the matter, here are four good and sufficient reasons for using a foundation preparation:

1. A good foundation holds the natural moisture in the skin; it prevents cracking and drying as it softens and invigorates.

2. A good foundation covers up small blemishes and protects the face against the wind, sun, storm and those minute impurities which, if lodged in the skin, cause enlarged pores and eruptions.

3. A good foundation forms the perfect base for your rouge and powder; it takes away that artificiality which once banned make-up for the well-bred woman; it makes possible a day-long

make-up which doesn't demand constant retouching.

4. A good foundation, especially if it has been designed to serve as a general beautifying preparation, cleanses, tones and nourishes the skin.

Canadian cosmeticians are emphasizing such points as germ-free beauty aids, creams which have the same acid content as the normal skin, powders which won't encourage your pet allergy, and won't give you skin disorders because they're actually antiseptic.

Beauty experts, between ourselves, wish we'd pay a lot more attention to our necks. Somewhat ambiguously, but with pointedly, they say, "To see the way many women make up, you'd think their faces ended at their chins." First to show signs of age and weathering, a woman's neck may be a proud column for a fair head—or a dead giveaway. So—always use your protective creams below the chin too! Some experts are suggesting foundations somewhat like liquid powder, to be rubbed evenly into the neck—arms, shoulders and elbows.

And what about rouge? Two simple cues: dry rouge after powdering; cream rouge before powdering. If you're using one of the make-up cakes, put your cream rouge on first.

Don't, by the way, try to powder over a shiny nose. The shine is probably caused by the oily secretions which may naturally ooze up through your erstwhile make-up. The thing to do is go over your face with a damp towel or cleansing tissue and start afresh. Fluff the powder on. Don't rub it into the shine!

And a last word. Of course these are difficult days. Certainly we're rushed off our feet. Positively there's no time for nonessentials. But in making the most of yourself, for your own sake as well as everybody else's, you're doing a bigger thing than you know for the jolly old national morale. ■

YOUR OWN "PERSONALIZED" BEAUTY SCRAP BOOK

To accompany Chatelaine's new series of beauty lessons, beginning in this issue, we have prepared a unique beauty scrapbook. In this you will find pages keyed to your own particular type of skin, hair, coloring, and figure, in which you can note, month by month, information dealing directly with your own problems.

Turn to page 41 for detailed information on how you may obtain this helpful book.

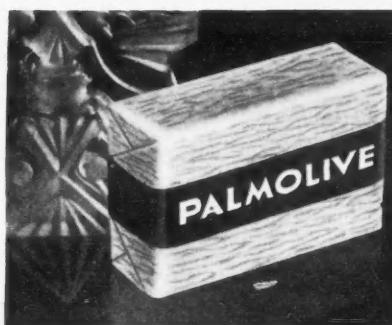
Take your beauty with you... AS THE YEARS ROLL BY



DREAMS are such beautiful things—particularly when they can come true—are they, Sweet Sixteen? So dream on; dream of those bright Tomorrows and the love and happiness in store for you. But please, oh please—into those bright Tomorrows take your Schoolgirl beauty. For that fresh young beauty that is yours today will make your dreams come true.

You can take it with you, through all those important Tomorrows. Let Palmolive help you! This fine soap is made especially to help lovely complexions stay freshly beautiful. Its rich, milder, skin-refreshing lather is the result of Palmolive's new careful blending of soothing oils of olive and palm—nature's own beauty aids. And Palmolive's new, dainty fragrance is so alluring too.

So be sure, as the years roll by, to keep your Schoolgirl Complexion . . . with Palmolive.



**NEW
LOW
PRICE
5¢
A CAKE**

**KEEP THAT
SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION**

COLGATE'S
HELPS CHILDREN LEARN TO
BRUSH TEETH REGULARLY



Remember, Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's as the Dionne Quins' only dentifrice because it cleans so thoroughly, yet so gently—without the slightest harm to delicate tooth enamel... or irritation to tender gums.

The delicious minty flavour of Colgate's Dental Cream makes a big hit with the children—as well as with grown-ups. And children are delighted with Colgate's foaming action that leaves the mouth feeling so clean and fresh. That's why Colgate's makes it so easy to teach children important habits of oral hygiene.

Listen to the "Happy Gang" CBC, Mon. thru Fri. 2 to 2.30 p.m. E.D.T.

people's sakes as well as for your own."

Well, then—to the foundation preparations!

Not that the best in the world can entirely cover the signs of persistent neglect. Sound beauty advice comes from one of the great English cosmetic houses which emphasizes the need to "cultivate regularity, eat correctly, sleep sufficiently, and get enough fresh air." If you'd have a beautiful skin, respect it. Treat it gently; don't try to beat it into submission.

Curiously enough, it's the "normal" skin that often presents the most difficult problems. Just because her skin is average, more than one girl has thought she could keep on ignoring it with the usual satisfactory results. The answer is—she can't.

There is a report—from what are usually referred to as "well-authenticated sources"—that the "Glamour Girl" should be the Vitamin Girl too. For the girl who is brimming with health and vitality has every right to be glamorous. It's news on the beauty front that many of the general all-purpose foundation creams are embodying vitamins A and D, those indefatigable little workers which combine to stimulate the skin and help combat dryness. If you're using just one cream, make the most of it. Treat yourself to a midday cleansing as well as the usual night and morning creamings. Your too-dry or too-oily skin condition may be aggravated by not keeping the skin clean enough. The delicacy and freshness of your make-up depend largely on how well the skin has been nourished. Remember, too, that dry-skin treatment applies to *all* types during the Canadian winter.

Generally speaking, your type of skin is likely to come within one of the following classifications—normal, oily or dry. You may have a combination of oily and dry skin, like the girl who is inclined to dryness, small lines and wrinkles about the eyes, with an oily section running from the centre of the

forehead down past the nose and centre chin. The very young girl and the more mature woman practically constitute individual types, so specialized are their problems. But, thanks to the ingenuity and patience of the cosmeticians, there's now a corrective beauty aid for every type and every situation.

Once upon a time, when we said "foundation cream," we thought "vanishing cream." But now, foundations include as well, all sorts of miraculous concoctions—oils, lotions, creams and cakes included. We used to believe, too, that oil and water wouldn't mix. Now, if they don't actually mix, at least good old H₂O finds a number of new and excellent uses as a follow-up and toner, in the make-up scheme.

"Splash your face with cold water after your morning make-up cream," advises another Canadian beauty expert. "Then blot the face gently dry and you'll have a light film on which to anchor rouge and powder."

One of the excellent all-purpose creams is applied by putting a little in the palm of your wet little hand and gently rubbing it in all over the face.

Silk sponges, dampened in water and rubbed over a make-up cake, are suggested by another cosmetic house. This make-up-soaked sponge is then rubbed evenly—and sparingly—over the face till it's covered with a delicate film. The whole is blotted dry with cleansing tissue, and the make-up rubbed in with the fingers.

Still another maker of foundations takes a firm-edged sponge, dips it in water, scoops up the foundation cream and massages it into the skin like whipped cream. For the very oily skin there's an astringent cream used with water and applied in the same way, then the excess is wiped off with a damp cloth and the result patted dry. A cool damp cloth for an after-rub will take away the masky feeling which sometimes follows make-up.

"Now you see it; now you don't,"



Your Beauty Problems

DOWAGER'S HUMP?

MOST WOMEN show a tendency to thicken at the nape of the neck, with deposits of fat. Others find small folds or wrinkles forming just above. To remedy, pat vigorously from the top downward, and from the bottom upward. Finish with an ordinary massage, but from the top downward only. Head rolling exercises are very important. So is proper posture. Don't expect to overcome the faults of years with a few days exercising. You must keep at it steadily to attain results. Learn to hold your head up, with the little piece of neck between the bottom of your hairline and the first bone in your spine, in a straight line. Do you use a soft nail brush or a complexion brush regularly on your neck when you are bathing? It requires especial care and cleansing with the soapy lather scrubbed in thoroughly. Cleansing creams used regularly, too, will help to offset the tendency of the skin to darken.



Particularly attractive for college or all round wear, is this flannel frock attractively pleated with three-quarter length sleeves. (Photograph courtesy of Viyella.)

Two stunning examples of the current interest in finely tailored frocks with that trim military sleekness — these new designs in a rayon covert cloth. (Photograph courtesy of Courtaulds (Canada) Limited.)

By CAROLYN DAMON

so much in Canada this year. The strange thing about tweeds—the really moor-and-heather ones—is that your size doesn't matter so much as your outlook on life. As one clever designer puts it, "A tweed takes wearing." A big woman can look perfectly stunning in even the bright checkered variety, if she's the brogue and cane type. A little woman can carry one off, just as well, if she makes you think of the outdoors and a fresh wind blowing. But the really sporting tweeds are not for the languorous orchids or the too-timid folk.

When you go hunting fabrics, try to see yourself as others see you. Ask your friends (the ones you can trust), your husband, your children. Children are strangely wise critics of clothes. Ask two or three saleswomen. If they know you honestly want advice, they'll give it.

If you're small, avoid looking fussy and overdressed in too many combinations of materials. If you're big, don't add paillettes or spangles to the bosom of your plain fabric dress. Unless your figure gets an A1 rating, never mind the big splashy patterns. Older women are smartest in softly diffused figures, in smaller designs.

Please find out your best colors and stick to them. Work out new combinations, but don't go in for those off-shade

greens and hard blues unless you have reason to know they're your sweetmeat.

3. Know What You Can Afford. The more stringent your budget, the less money you can waste on questionable materials. That's important. If you're going to have only one or two dresses a year, you want to be sure they won't run, shrink, go thin or fall apart before you can afford new ones. Stick to simple designs, easy colors that you won't tire of. Don't buy expensive trimmings. Nowadays everybody wears their trimmings separate. That's all accessories.

One designer says that when women ask her, "What shall I trim it with?" she answers, nine times out of ten, "Nothing."

Most important of all, be sure you get your money's worth. That brings us to:

4. Know Your Fabrics. Before you buy, look for the label, or ask the clerk for instructions and information. Will it shrink, stretch or fade? Is it non-crushable, tarnishable, launderable? If the material can't be recommended, you may find your bargain bites the hand that stitches it.

In general, watch these points: WOOLLENS will almost always shrink, unless they're preshrunk. Don't

MISS Norah Lewis



The blond beauty of this lovely debutante has made a stir in Ottawa's social circles. To keep her rose-petal skin exquisite, she takes a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Says Norah: "I just rub up a rich lather of Woodbury Soap and stroke it over my face. Then a quick cold rinse carries off all soil and my complexion feels gloriously smooth."

What gives Debs Date Appeal? This Woodbury Facial Cocktail

Cholly Knickerbocker

America's Ace Society Commentator says:

"If you'd turn temptress, I commend you to this beauty trick. Society buds find their pre-date facial with Woodbury Soap scores 'May-I-see-you-agains' from eligible beaux."

DEBUTANTES, who hasten heart-beats, turn to Woodbury Facial Soap for skin allure. Intended for the skin, alone, Woodbury is made of finest beauty oils. Specially blended to bring you tip-toe skin charm. Try Woodbury Soap for just ten days. Have the smooth skin that flatters.

NEW YORK DEB, TOO, KEEPS BEAUTY BRIGHT WITH WOODBURY



Dazzling doings for Mary Steele, smart New York deb. Engagement showers, tea dances, polo dates.

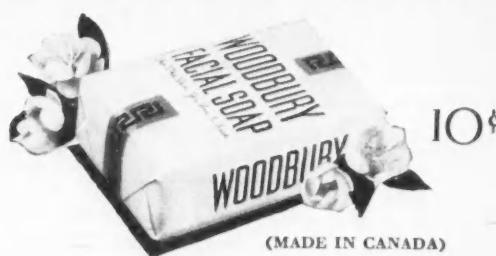


Time out for a Facial Cocktail with Woodbury Soap. "Wonderful, the flattering difference in my skin!"



Men grow lyrical over her beauty. Mary smiles in secret praise of her Woodbury Facial Cocktail.

FOR THE SKIN
YOU LOVE TO TOUCH





When nothing must spoil your loveliness . . .

Are You Sure It's Safe To Smile?

the Answer's on the
tip of your tongue

1 Make the Tongue-Test . . .
Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2 Your Tongue Tells You
Your tongue tells you what others see . . . the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull . . . bars your way to romance.

3 Switch to Pepsodent with Irium

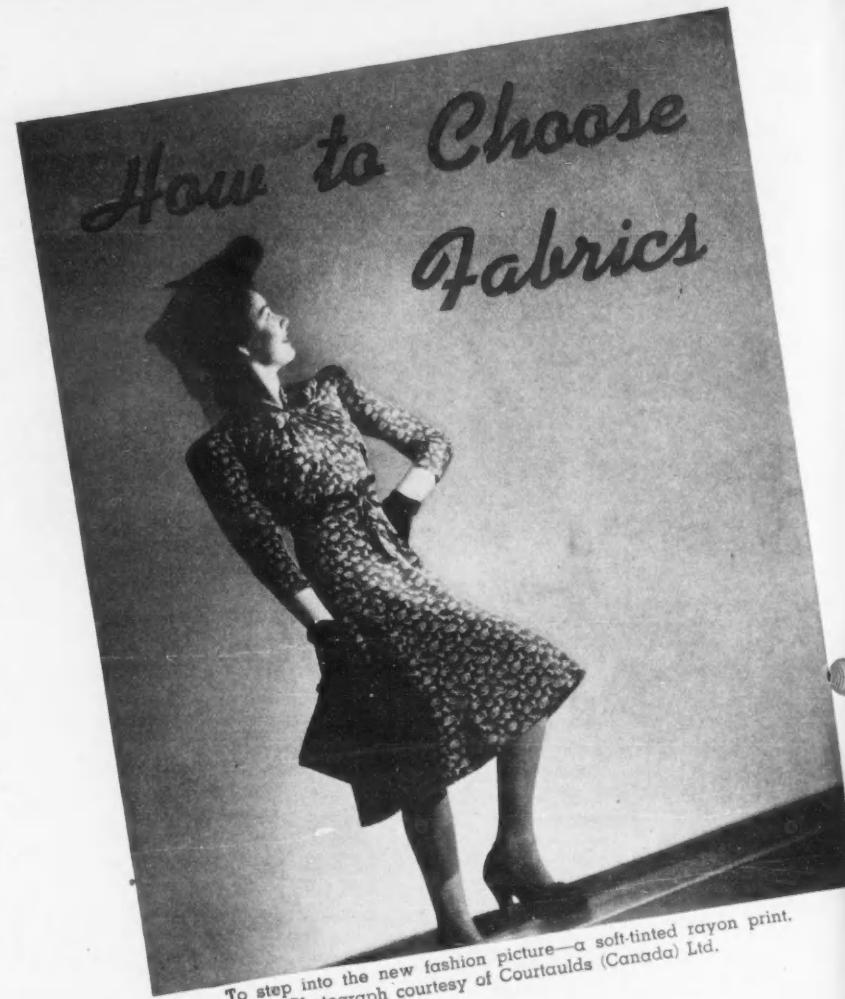
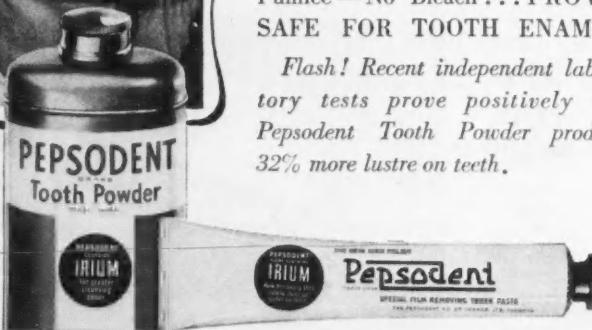
You'll hold the secret of a winning smile when teeth feel bright to you . . . look bright to others



See how Pepsodent with IRIUM removes the filmy coating that clings to teeth . . . the dull, dingy coating that your tongue can *feel*—your friends can *see*! IRIUM, the extra effective, super-cleansing agent in Pepsodent flashes into instant, safe action . . . flushes away sticky food particles. Ugly surface stains disappear—safely, quickly! Remember Pepsodent contains No Grit—No Pumice—No Bleach . . . PROVED SAFE FOR TOOTH ENAMEL!

Flash! Recent independent laboratory tests prove positively that Pepsodent Tooth Powder produces 32% more lustre on teeth.

Both contain IRIUM known to the dental profession as purified alkyl sulfate.



How to Choose
Fabrics

To step into the new fashion picture—a soft-tinted rayon print. Photograph courtesy of Courtaulds (Canada) Ltd.

EVER GO into the dress goods department with the idea that *this time* you were going to run yourself up a little number that would be different? And then work yourself into a lather at the sewing machine to discover it was different, all right. But not the way you had intended.

Perhaps you didn't stick quite closely enough to the six commandments of fabric buying. Here they are, as I worked them out with stylists, experts and those important handymen—the cleaners.

1. Know What You Want. Unless you're a genius with the eye of a Schiaparelli or a Mainbocher, don't wander into the dress goods department, willy-nilly, and just "pick up something." Check your present wardrobe at home. You'd better do it right at the clothes closet where you can see your things all together. Don't forget to take an inventory of your accessories and jewellery at the same time. That's where a lot of us fall down. We go looking for materials as though we were bare-naked, without a stitch of anything at home to consider. Whatever else you do, advises one well-known buyer, don't forget to take your coat into account, if you're getting dress material. A little trip into the ready-to-wear department won't be amiss, if you're making up your mind. Watch fashion pictures and study the patterns for ideas. It's ten to one you're after something now to freshen up your winter wardrobe. Right? Jacket dresses are very smart, and useful. Sleeves are a bit more sloping. Striped and figured cottons are very gay. But it's the new prints that really give you lift. Choose one that tones in with your coat now and yet will do a quick right-about-face and go all summery when you take to white shoes and bonnets.

If it's a suit you're after, forget the one Muriel or Helen got, and decide whether you'll be wanting it mostly for the street, or if you'll need it for double-duty service at the office or the club.

You won't want to wear a burly tweed indoors much. It would be better to get a fine woollen that you could freshen up with different blouses, or maybe wear with just a dicky or a collar, on off mornings when everything seems mussed or dirty.

2. Know What You Can Wear. This is the time to forget Hedy Lamarr and that woman down the street who always looks so smart. Your proportions may be just as pleasing as theirs, but on a quite different scale.

Take tweeds, for instance. Those lovely British ones we're going to wear



The season's popular shirtwaist fashion, features full sleeves and softly pleated skirt in navy and white jersey with red leather buttons and belt. For afternoon of spectator sports, she wears a huge Mexican beret with two-tone jersey scarf. (Photograph courtesy of Canadian Celanese Limited.)

Part Time Girl :: Continued from page 22

She was dancing with Carl then, silently. Her face paled.

He followed her into the hall, ignoring her, "Stay here!" Cynthia who must have known something was up from the blazing paleness of Paige's face, came presently with Walt.

The police, embarrassed, were explaining that Mrs. Stoddard had come home unexpectedly. She had missed her fur coat and had phoned the police. The maids said Miss Sheldon had been in to see Bobby Stoddard, but his mother didn't think Paige would borrow the coat, such an expensive one, without a by-your-leave. But she wanted to be sure. Would the police trace the coat, please, since it might be stolen, and if Miss Sheldon had really borrowed it, she should not have . . .

"You know better, miss," the older of the two policemen sputtered. "Mrs. Stoddard was worried."

"I know." Paige was trying to be off-hand about it. Her chin was high, a pulse throbbed in the hollow of her throat.

"Good lord," exclaimed Walt, "of all the nerve. A five-thousand-dollar coat." He looked disgustedly at Paige.

She smiled stiffly. "I didn't think she'd mind, Walt. I've known her for ages. I've borrowed other things from her. When I was in school . . ."

"But—such colossal nerve!" Walt eyed her distastefully.

Then he turned with a pained expression toward Cynthia, who stood quietly to one side, her face distressed, unhappy, repelled.

The policemen went off with the coat. Paige asked, "Aren't I going to have to spend the night in jail?" Her tone was flippant.

One of them tossed back, "You will if you pull off any more tricks like that."

He heard Cynthia say beseechingly, "Carl, dear, do you mind taking me home? All this—" she broke off, forced a smile. "I've a headache."

Carl turned. Walt was looking solicitously into Cynthia's face. "No wonder," Walt said.

Carl glanced at Paige. She was standing very straight, not looking at him.

He said, "Cyn, do you mind Walt's taking you home?"

She started, sought his eyes. He didn't look away. "I think I'll see Paige to her door," he added carefully.

Cynthia's eyes were steady. "Certainly not," she said.

Carl turned to Paige. "You'll wear my coat, I hope."

He grinned at her. She looked at him now. Her dark eyes stared out, starkly confessing her horror, her fear and shame.

But she smiled. "So kind," she said. "I seem to have sent mine to the cleaners."

Cynthia whispered, "Carl."

He swung.

"Good night," she said. She was pale. He was sorry, but he could not pretend he was sorrier than he was.

Once in his car, he wrapped Paige in his coat. "There," he said.

All at once, she had thrust the coat away and was sobbing in his arms.

"Carl—Carl—how could I! How could I! But I wanted her to think somebody might wait for me, too. I thought I couldn't bear to have her know the truth. She was just like I thought she'd be, so sure of herself, so good. I thought the coat, so lovely and expensive . . . maybe I thought you might prefer me . . ."

"My dear," he whispered.

She sobbed stormily for a long time, not bothering to make her grief attractive, letting the tears stream down her face, pushing her hands through her thick hair.

At last she quieted and lay still in his arms. He looked down at her. He thought of all the tears those other girls he had known had probably shed, alone mostly likely, on some empty bed, tears for their lost youth, tears for the man who never asked them to marry him.

He thought of all the moments and hours of relief from loneliness they had given him who had shed his own kind of tears in loneliness for the same kind of hurt as theirs.

And he knew that they, those girls he understood, those girls he respected and admired because they wore the same tarnish he wore himself, the patina with which life dulls youth's first bright glory, would be glad if they could know he was free to marry at last, to fashion for himself the home they'd never pretended to stop longing for, and that he'd chosen, to help him fashion it, one of their own—his own—kind.

"My dearest . . ." he said. ■

Frowns can speak volumes—but they can't say "Mum"!



**Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm.
Every day use quick, safe Mum.**

WHAT'S happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her. Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

Lovely Peggy's sole offence was trusting her bath alone. And no bath—no matter how gloriously fresh it leaves you—deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—Mum makes that bath freshness last. One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after your bath or just before you dress—and

charm is safe all day or all evening long. Remember—

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on . . . in 30 seconds you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate your skin. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of future underarm odor. Get Mum from your druggist. Use it every day . . . always!

WHY MUM IS CANADA'S FIRST CHOICE!



MUM
MADE IN CANADA

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Banner For Youth :: Continued from page 9

wears. You think I'm awful because I still want pretty things and . . ." Crying choked her.

Mrs. Ford sat down on the nearest chair, feeling suddenly helpless and middle-aged in the face of this young woe.

At last she said soberly, "I don't blame you at all, Marny. You think we all criticize you. But you're wrong. I wouldn't care what you did, if it helped you. If a flower in your hair makes you feel happier, stronger, than a farm girl's hat, I'd get you all the flowers in the shops. If shutting your mind to the war, and going on having a good time had helped you, I'd have been glad. But it hasn't helped you. You're unhappier, you're more afraid than any of us. Marny, you'll have to pull your weight.

This isn't like the early months. For your own sake you must come in with the rest of us. You can't stand outside. Not now."

Marny's fit of weeping had passed. There was silence in the room again. Then she said abruptly, "I can stand outside . . . from a safe distance. And I have the chance of that."

Mrs. Ford opened her mouth to reply, but there was the sound of footsteps in the corridor, and the mother warned, "We'll talk later. This must be Theo."

THEO IT WAS, aged fifteen, in her school tunic, and tenderly carrying her basket of peas, since this first gathering was less a contribution to the meal than a pride, a joy and an exhibit. But the



**Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False Teeth"
KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT**

Plates and bridges soak up odors and impurities like a sponge! A hard dark film collects on them. This film holds germs and decay bacteria. It is so tough that ordinary brushing seldom removes it. And it gets into every tiny crevice where brushing can't reach.

Almost always it results in "denture breath", one of the most offensive of breath odors. You won't know if you have it—but others will.

Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth without brushing, acid

or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes your breath sweeter—and your plates or removable bridges look better and feel better.

Tens of thousands call Polident a blessing for convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can costs only 40c at any drug store, and your money returned if you are not delighted. Approved and recommended by thousands of leading dentists everywhere. Stafford-Miller (of Canada), Limited, Toronto.

Cleans and Purifies Without Brushing

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

POLIDENT



**"Now I can
smile through
dreaded days"**

Why suffer needlessly, when so much of functional periodic pain is known to be unnecessary. Midol has helped millions of women. If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, it should help you.

Developed for its special purpose,

Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient has been used for years to relieve muscular pain. Another, exclusively in Midol, increases the relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process. To learn how much comfort you may be missing, get Midol and try it. All drugstores.

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Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

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do them yourself unless you're an expert. If you are, be sure to lay a single fold of the material out, put layers of dry cheesecloth over it, then a damp cloth, then iron. Never let the wet cloth touch the wool. Steam from the iron does the trick. If your woollen dress gets wet, hang it away from the heat to dry.

RAYONS. Take the fabric in your hands and stretch it on the bias to see if the threads pull. If they do, you'll probably have trouble. A tight weave in any fabric suggests longer wear. Use a warm iron only in pressing. Make wide seams to allow for pulling, especially around the arms. If the weave is raised—sort of bumpy—as in molasses and jacquards, the stitch will probably run if you catch it, as knitted things do.

SILKS. We won't be wearing many of them, because of the Government restrictions, but you can tell a pure silk by its light but firm feeling. A "loaded" or cheap silk is heavy and feels what the experts call "glazzy" to your hand.

LINENS. Be sure they're firm in weave, and crease-resistant.

VELVETS are likely to wear the pile down at elbows, in skirt backs and other places where there is constant resistance and rubbing. Remember that velvet is perishable, and don't expect to wear it everywhere for everything.

METALLICS will all tarnish in time, whether you pay twenty-five cents or twenty-five dollars a yard. If your system has a lot of acid, they'll tarnish faster. Don't try to clean or press them yourself. Fold them neatly between sheets of black tissue paper, away from the heat and light. To get creases out, use an almost cold iron, and press the material on the wrong side through several sheets of tissue paper.

COLORS. Be sure they're fast before you wash them. The wine and red shades are most likely to run. Sometimes these shades, guaranteed fast in themselves, will run into other colors if you combine them. And by the way, be sure you use the right side of your fabric in sewing. Some women don't, and the underside isn't made to stand up as well as the outer in many less expensive materials.

5. Study Your Pattern. Now you've got your material, don't spoil it in the making. Don't worry too much about every modern kink and angle. It's better to be ahead of the styles, or a year behind, than caught in the mob. Buy patterns by the bust, and then adjust hips and waistline. It's easier. Press every bit of sewing as you do it, and be sure your final pressing is good. Better get it done by an expert if you can, for a really finished look.

Most important are the fit, the hang and the pressed look.

6. Take Care of Your Clothes. Once you've gone to the trouble of making a good-looking dress, it seems a shame to kick it around like an alley cat. One first-ranking designer says more Canadian women ruin their clothes over the kitchen stove than in any other way. Slip into a smart housecoat the minute you come home. Hang your things carefully, where it's dry, cool and dark. Take care of spots and tears the minute they occur—or as soon as you can. Don't wear one dress out through living in it for days on end. Clothes can get tired as well as people.

Don't expect, because you paid a lot of money for a fabric, that you can sleep and swim in it. Its very cost may mean that it's highly perishable, and must be given hot-house care. Take the cleaner into your confidence about the fabric you give him to clean. It pays.



Truly Lovely Hair—

That glint of sunlight sparkling like a jewel from the tip of waves and curls is the sign of health and youth—the unfailing result of the regular use of—

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO
'ORDINARY' 10c. 'CAMOMILE'
FOR DARK HAIR FOR FAIR HAIR
3 for 25c

Keeps the hair young.

HE COULDN'T SLEEP — COULDN'T WORK



What a relief to settle down to a real night's rest, and awake fully refreshed, ready for the day's duties. I was tortured by fretful nights—tossing, turning—never comfortable. Half awake days—over-tired, driving body and mind to work when they needed rest. "Try Dodd's Kidney Pills," said a friend—"it may be your kidneys". I'm glad I followed his advice as now I'm sleeping like a top—thanks to

Dodd's Kidney Pills



FEMININE HYGIENE ADVANCED AMAZINGLY

Safe, modern method gives hours of medication

On all sides, women are turning to an amazing safe way in feminine hygiene. A way that is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous medication for hours without use of poison. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

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Zonitors

room, feeling indeed a strange passion, almost anger, rising in her breast. Whatever Louis might give her, this room was different. This was her own. She had made it. It was home. And now it seemed intolerable that it should be menaced; that anyone should dare to threaten its destruction; that anyone should chase her out of it, send her hurtling across the seas to strange cold, ready-made rooms which Louis would present to her.

For an instant Marny Ford stood, ludicrous and lovely in cami-knickers, passionate in defense, and swore softly.

Then the moment passed, and a little listless, she went searching for a house gown, telling herself this was rank foolishness. If all she wanted was a room exactly like this, Louis would get it for her, down to the last detail; and it would never be threatened.

When she was dressed she stood adjusting a brown flower, relic of an evening gown, which matched the belt of her dress, and suddenly she was assailed by the queer feeling one has, that all this had happened before. So she had stood, fumbling with this flower a year ago—or was it a lifetime ago?—and considering that she would have to leave this room behind her if she married Bill. And she had considered further—her dreaming eyes ceasing to see the face in the mirror and her trembling fingers hovering, pulling at the brown flower—that to create such another room, piece by piece, because Bill would not have much money, would be even more delightful than the creation of one for herself alone.

There had been little excuse for that leap into a misted, shining future. Bill had kissed her good-by as he had on other occasions, when whispers of good-by would die and they would still linger in the quiet of the sleeping house, until from the dim night and the silence would come a call to their senses and their light kiss would be set like a seal on the night of gaiety shared. Then Bill would say good night and the door softly close.

But that night he had not left her so quickly. He had said, with eyes very bright and steady, and looking into her face which was framed in his hands, "Some day soon you and I are going to be very important to each other."

But before that had happened hatreds more important than anybody's love had crashed on them and whirled them about. Bill, in the Territorials, had been called up at once, and their farewell had been—her mouth curved down in bitter amusement now, remembering—much the same as Agnes'. But she had been the one to say, if not exactly "Abyssinia," something as cold and as light, a weapon striking at Bill to defend herself.

MARNY JERKED the brown flower from her shoulder and threw it on her table. Then fleetly, as if her feet could take her away from a memory, she went downstairs to the kitchen. She was glad that Theo refused to let anyone shell the peas and had planted herself at the kitchen table, because the announcement to her mother that she was going to marry Louis and go almost immediately to America had become suddenly more difficult to make. Just why, she did not exactly know, since her mother would be happy to hear the news, and had said more than once, like every mother in the kingdom, "If it were not

for you children, I would not mind at all for myself . . ."

Yes, it was a relief to find Theo present, and her relief deepened when Wally and Tom came in and the kitchen was so crowded that even thought on her own problem had to be abandoned. Her mother set her to cutting the sandwiches which Tom and her father would take on the patrol, and young Tom Bowler sat beside her. For the first time, Marny felt oddly gentle toward young Tom who was always hungry. Lean gangling young Tom Bowler, on guard. Talking about cricket to elderly Mr. Ford in the watches of the night while they waited for strange things to menace from the silent darkness. And when occasion offered, Mr. Ford would say, "How about something to eat, Tom?" And the sandwiches would be brought out.

Sometimes Marny would be awake and would hear them come home; hear her father's cheerful voice: "Good night, Tom."

"Good night, Mr. Ford."

And then the clank of Tom's ancient bicycle growing fainter and fainter.

Marny suddenly laughed, beautiful, gay and tender into the eyes of the boy.

"An army marches on its stomach, Tom," she said.

Mrs. Ford said, "I often wonder if a woman made that remark. It's been a great help to women."

She shut the oven door, and the appetizing smell of roasting meat hung on the air; then the telephone rang, and she went, wiping floury hands, to answer it.

When she returned, she did not look at Marny but said casually, "Mrs. Andrews wants us to go round. I said we would."

Marny turned her head quickly, "Mother, I'm terribly tired. I thought—"

"Dear. I wish you would; you've made an excuse every time she asks us. I know it's a little dull for you, but she's feeling hurt at your having refused all her invitations."

Wally said, "I should think so. You haunted the place when Bill was there and there was always something doing. And now you treat the old girl as if she has the plague. And I say, mother, I heard . . ."

Mrs. Ford frowned, and her son fell silent, shrugging his shoulders.

Marny said in a high voice, "Agnes seems to be sticking to bed and aspirin for the night, so I'll do the table. If you think Mrs. Andrews is hurt, I'll go, of course."

As soon as Marny heard the babble of voices from the Andrews' living room she knew what had happened, and eyes dark with accusation in a suddenly pale face, she turned to her mother. But there was no time to say anything or do anything. Mrs. Andrews came, excited as a girl, to greet them, hands outstretched to Marny and her mother, as if, that night, her ample arms would embrace the whole world.

"Isn't this a surprise? Isn't it? And just like Bill. He never tells me when he is coming. And he just walked in this afternoon, like the day he came back from Brazil. Of course we knew he was safe . . ."

BILL DIDN'T jump to his feet the moment they walked in, though he saw them instantly. Marny got the impression that his eyes had been fixed on the doorway for a long time, waiting to

Continued on page 34



You've got plenty on your mind besides musty old history dates and what x plus y equals! Your stockings are all shot. So's your budget. You're simply mad for a new "formal". Slippers, too! And you lie awake nights plotting how to wangle a permanent. (Just to mention a few of your problems.)

Frivolous—? No! They all add up to being attractive. And being attractive helps achieve success and happiness. So more power to you!

Only do remember this: To have friends, beaux, and good times (or hold a job and get ahead in the world) . . . you must be attractive and poised . . . regardless of what day of the month it is!

But that's not as difficult as it sounds. Being comfortable is half the battle. And Kotex sanitary napkins can help you be comfortable and carefree just as they help millions of other girls.

Yes—millions!

For it's an actual fact, more women use Kotex than all other brands put together! Surprised? You won't be when you try it!

You'll find Kotex more comfortable, because it's less bulky. (Girls declare you scarcely know you're wearing it!)

Then—Kotex has flat, pressed ends to prevent embarrassing telltale bulges. And a moisture-resistant "safety shield" to give you extra protection . . .

So—considering these advantages—is it any wonder that Kotex is the most popular napkin made?

Have you read the much-talked-about booklet "As One Girl To Another"? It's new. It's free! And it tells just what you need to know! Discusses swimming, bathing, dancing, social contacts, mental attitude, good grooming, tampons.

Like to have a copy? Then send your name and address (a penny post-card will do) to Canadian Cellucotton Products, Co., Ltd., Dept. 1411, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Send today! Before you forget!

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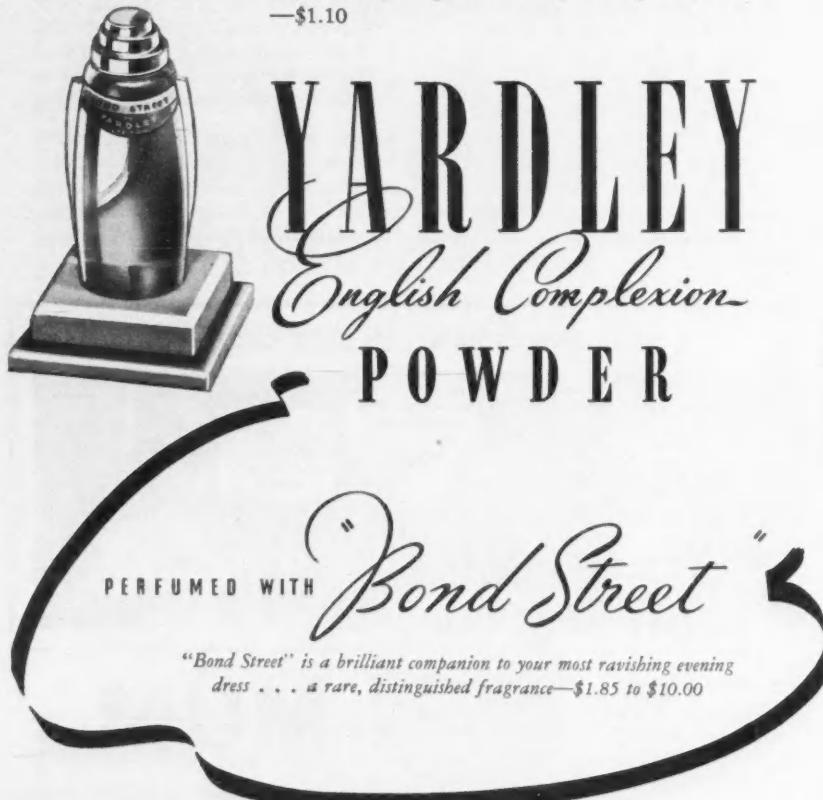


**Here is a Powder
That's
Almost a Dream**

YOU think of moon-beams and gossamer unrealities from which dreams are made when first you dab an exploring puff into the misty fineness of Yardley English Complexion Powder.

And your delight increases as you sense the mystery of its "Bond Street" fragrance.

You'll find Yardley English Complexion Powder at the nearest good drug or department store—in company with the Yardley Lavender and a lovely range of Yardley Beauty Products.—\$1.10



sight of her eldest sister held Theo rooted on the threshold. She said rudely, "You do look a fright. Is that supposed to be a hat?"

Marny, untying her veiling, did not reply, and the child continued, "Miss Mears says that all the fashion magazines telling women to buy silly fripperies as usual is only pandering to them, and that the soldiers on leave don't really like it. She says a soldier would rather see the women all dressed in sensible clothes. Miss Mears says it's the little things that count, and that's where we girls—"

Marny interrupted her. "You're a prig, Theo. Mother, I'll change and come straight down. What time's dinner?"

"Seven sharp. Your father's been put on an earlier patrol. Wally went round to tell Tom."

"Well, that's something anyway. Father creeping about from midnight till dawn is the most absurd thing I've ever heard of. It's absurd anyway. As if an old gentleman and a schoolboy marching round the golf course are going to stop the Germans. I . . ."

The sight of her mother's face stopped her and she muttered, "I'm sorry, mummy."

She hurried from the room and upstairs, pursued by Theo's shrill treble, "Well of *all* the things to say, when daddy's been so wonderful . . ."

It was a pity, Marny reflected, that Theo had not been sent to the country to Aunt Miriam as had her small brother, Freddy, but Freddy had been considered enough. Wally, indeed, had said that Aunt Miriam would never survive Freddy, that in years to come they would look back on her as a victim of the war as heroic as any in the front line . . .

IN THE sanctuary of her own room Marny was usually able to shut out the harsh new world which she so bitterly resented. Here were still soft tones, flowers and silks, cut-glass bottles, powder jars and cushions; gay dolls, silly dolls, a great woolly toy dog which had survived from her childhood. The room had been built slowly, carefully, from its simple beginnings on her sixteenth birthday when the mere dignity of a room to herself had meant delight. But in the three years since then there had been lovely additions, on birthdays, at Christmas, out of her own savings. "Something to wear, or something for her room," the family had never been puzzled as to what to give Marny. And one loved a room like that.

She sat down in the chintz-covered armchair and began slowly to unbutton her frock. There were twenty tiny buttons, down the back; the frock, as had several others in her cupboards, had come cheaply from Elise's bankrupt stock.

"I'll have a maid, if I marry Louis," she thought.

She jerked on the tiny buttons, and one came off and rolled across the carpet. Well, she liked Louis. She liked him better than anyone she knew. He was so kind. Not casual. He wrapped her round with kindness and love. He only wanted to give her everything she desired. He would give her a better room than this.

Oh, Louis could give her rooms, and houses and a safe world.

She stood up jerkily, letting her frock slither round her slim legs, and suddenly she was frowning, looking round her

**New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

 More than 25 MILLION Jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today.

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39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 15 cent and 39 cent jars)

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**GOOD
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WHY
QUINTUPLETS
use MUSTEROLE for
CHEST COLDS**

Mother—Give YOUR Child
This Same Expert Care!

At the first sign of a chest cold the Quintuplets' throats and chests are rubbed with Children's Mild Musteroles—a product made to promptly relieve the DISTRESS of children's colds and resulting bronchial and croupy coughs.

Relief usually comes quickly because Musteroles is MORE than an ordinary "salve." It helps break up local congestion. As Musteroles is used on the Quinnts you may be sure you are using just about the BEST product made. Also in Regular and Extra Strength for those preferring a stronger product. Musteroles is made in Canada.

CILDREN'S

MUSTEROLE
MILD

Making It To Fit Just You!

Pattern descriptions
on page 38



Simplicity 3637. You can't miss on a shirtmaker wool with staccato pleats at the kneeline. Pastel or bright-toned rayon would give you that spring pick-up. The neckline's smart—and Simon simple.

Simplicity 3631. Spring coat? Make

it streamlined. It's one of the simplest designs for new-season smartness we could work out for you. The piqué collar is fun.

Simplicity 3635. Make the inevitable print so inevitably smart it will be a knockout from everybody's point

of view. These bracelet sleeves are easy as pie when you start putting them together.

Simplicity 3652. This casual tailored suit is a natural for English tweeds. It's got the new 1941 working-woman feeling.

Design Your Own Spring Wardrobe!



THIS IS a foursome especially designed as get-your-man-ers, and we make no bones about it. Can't you see those wings on his Air Force uniform take a sudden nose dive for this little number. Simplicity 3629?

Another dress you can make, especially for those sudden and effervescent parties that keep rolling up out of nowhere these days, is Simplicity 3660.

For a quick change of front, in case you're doing a two-way romance and the other man likes you tailored but not too masculine, there's No. 3640. If you make the coat with a lining to match your print dress, you'll find yourself throwing it carelessly over chairs at luncheon and tea tables with a nice sense of smart abandon. And finally, the sophisticate will find No. 3630 gives her smartness with the bit of frosting that makes her not too languid-lilyish. Pattern descriptions on page 38.





**Do as your dentist does
Use
POWDER**



Be Proud of Your Smile!

Do as your dentist does—use POWDER when you clean your teeth. Nothing else can leave them cleaner, brighter—more naturally white and sparkling! And when you change to powder, be sure to get DR. LYON'S, a dental powder especially developed for home use by a distinguished practising dentist.

100% CLEANSING PROPERTIES

As it is only the powder part of most dentifrices that really cleans, one that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is all powder, possessing 100% cleansing properties. Yet it contains no grit—no pumice—and no acid—nothing to scratch or injure tooth enamel.

COSTS LESS TO USE

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder works harder, so goes further. Even a small package outlasts an average tube of tooth paste two to one. Start using Dr. Lyon's now. Brush your teeth regularly, see your dentist when you should, eat needed foods, and you'll be doing all you can possibly do for proper care of teeth. As a neutralizer, in acid mouth conditions, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is highly effective. At your druggist's.

**Dr. LYON'S
TOOTH POWDER**

pishly, "If she could, she wouldn't be a cook. She'd be a—a genius, like Aunt Lib."

Larry's eyebrows started to go up again, but something in Jane's face warned him, and he managed a look of bland innocence as he asked, "Well, what's the program for the afternoon?"

"I'm afraid there isn't any," said Bill apologetically. "You see, there isn't much to do around here except take it easy."

Jane felt an irrational flash of anger that Bill should have to defend their Shokan to Larry.

She said with asperity, "It isn't like the Island, you know, Larry. We don't have tennis here or golf, or saddle horses. As a matter of fact, it isn't at all like the Island. Maybe I should have warned you. Maybe you wouldn't have come up if you'd known what it was like . . ."

She stopped short, horrified. What was she saying? What was the matter with her? Why on earth was she jumping on Larry this way?

Her shame deepened as she heard Larry reply, "Of course I'd have come! I like to take it easy as much as the next one."

Aunt Lib stood up abruptly and started gathering the dishes. Jane picked up her plate. "Let me take care of these, Aunt Lib."

The old woman shook her head, "No—you young people go ahead and enjoy yourselves. You didn't come up here to wash dishes."

"Enjoy yourselves!" Jane's mind echoed bitterly. "If you knew what we did come up here for you wouldn't say that!" She told herself, "I ought to do it now. I ought to get it over with and clear out."

But no, she couldn't, she realized. She had to have a chance to get hold of herself. Wasn't the way she had acted a few minutes ago proof that she was too jittery for such a delicate undertaking?

She said, "Come on, you two, let's sit out on the porch till we've recovered from our greediness." She linked one arm through Bill's, one through Larry's and walked out onto the porch between them.

IT WAS hot on the porch. The sun slanted across the mountains, and the air was very still. There was a warm heavy scent from the fields; sweet grass and ripe blackberries and wild flowers—all mixed together. The scent did something to her. It got inside her and stirred things up. It made her feel as if Bill were very close to her, touching her, instead of perched up there on the porch rail.

That scent spelled Bill to her. That early summer odor of the fields meant the first sweet sharp excitement of re-encounter after a long winter's separation. "If you could put it in bottles," she thought, "I'd only have to draw out the stopper and there would be Bill, standing at the gate, saying, 'I've been here years! Began to think you weren't coming.' I suppose some day Larry and I will have a perfume of our own. Some moment will have its scent; the scent of roses in his mother's garden, or the wind across the bay . . ."

She closed her eyes and tried to imagine what it would be. But the odor of the meadows blotted out everything else. It was like trying to think of a tune while another song was ringing in your ears.

She started a little when Larry

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1. Bill and I used to be the happiest couple in the world . . . until after our baby was born. We both wanted him and we both adore him. That's why

it broke my heart when we began to quarrel about raising him. Bill's favorite argument was that I was raising a sissy — pampering him.



2. Well, the whole thing came to a head the other day, when Bill Jr. needed a laxative. "Don't tell me you've got a special laxative for that kid, too!" Bill yelled. "Special foods, special diapers, and now . . . a special laxative! You're turning him into a regular cream puff!"



3. Did I burn up! "I've had just about enough of this!" I yelled back. "I'm going to raise my baby the way the doctor told me to . . . the modern way . . . giving him things especially designed for a baby's needs. That's why he's going to get Castoria!"



4. "Let's not quarrel any more about Bill Jr.," I pleaded. "He's the healthiest baby on our street. And naturally I want to keep him that way. The doctor says you can't take chances with a baby's system . . . it's too delicate. If you treat it like an adult's, you're bound to have trouble."



5. "That's why he recommended Castoria. It's made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh 'adult' drug in it. It's effective . . . but mild! And safe. It isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system. I wouldn't consider giving him anything but Castoria."



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HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

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Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . (3) In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative for children

Banner For Youth :: Continued from page 31

hold hers, as soon as she entered. For a moment she felt weak from emotional disturbance, then recovered herself and managed to smile. She greeted a number of people suitably and at last found herself next to Bill, who was standing now, very tall—he was so thin, perhaps that was why he seemed taller than she had remembered him to be—bending a bright steady gaze on her, while he searched with one hand in his pocket for his cigarette case.

"Hullo, Marny."

"Hullo, Bill." Marny's mouth felt dry. "It's good to see you. We'd heard you got back from France."

"I suddenly became homesick," Bill said. "Foreign travel is vastly overrated."

His smile was exactly the same as it had always been. Slightly crooked, so gay. Some essence of his indomitable being was in Bill's smile. It had always been one of the things which dragged at Marny's heart, one of the things hardest to blot out when on moonwashed nights—she had lied to Louis—she had lain awake fighting memories which assaulted the fortress of her bed. That smile seemed photographed on the insides of her eyelids. It would persist. Like the Cheshire cat's grin, in "Alice in Wonderland," she once told herself viciously. But that had not seemed funny at the time. Nor helped.

Her heart set up a thumping which seemed deafening, sound overcoming all other sound. With wide frightened eyes she stared at Bill's down-bent head. He was flicking furiously at a shining silver lighter.

"This gadget is loot," he said. "But crime doesn't pay. Darn the thing! There . . ."

The little flame lit up her frightened eyes, and suddenly Bill took her hand, hard, twisting it.

"Come on, girl," he said harshly.

Blindly led, she went with him. The quiet when they were alone, in some curtained dimness, seemed no less quiet to her, because minutes ago the voices of the people around had ceased to register on her ears. For a long time after he had kissed her Bill did not speak. He held her tightly in thin hard arms, his hand hovering, trembling about her hair. At last he said:

"I had rehearsed this very differently. As a matter of fact, I was going to give you the dickens at first. You behaved very badly when I left."

"I didn't want to be hurt."

"And you hurt yourself worse."

"Yes," Marny said. "Why didn't you write?"

"I did." Bill patted a bulge in his pocket. "Letters to Marny. They're a bit damp. The Channel crossing was a disgrace. Very poor accommodation. I'll deliver one each day—in person, with your morning tea on our honeymoon. Are you going to marry me now, or still humbug along?"

"I'll marry you," Marny said. "I wasn't going to. I was going to marry a friend of mine and go to America."

"Why?" Bill said.

Marny lay against her lover's heart and with a soft trembling finger traced the curve of his mouth, and at this delicate touch the man shivered, then closed his embrace tightly around her body. She laughed softly, close to his dear face.

"I don't know why," she said. "It seems a silly idea now. It just seemed a safer thing to do at the time." ■

I'll Tell Him Tomorrow :: Continued from page 11

prepared him better for this place that was utterly unlike anything he had known.

Automatically her eyes turned toward Bill. Bill who never had to be told. He caught her look of appeal and reacted instantly. He picked up Larry's bags and said, "Come on, Larry. I think Aunt Lib has some gooseberry tarts in the oven. In the interests of lunch I'll show you your room."

Jane blessed his retreating back silently: "Oh, Bill darling, you never fail me. Never!" Then she remembered how she was going to fail him. She swallowed the lump in her throat and whispered to Uncle Fred, "You'll take good care of him, won't you—if anything should happen that I shouldn't be able to come here again?"

"What could happen, Janey, to keep you from coming up here?" the old man asked in bewilderment.

"Oh—" she said wildly, "lots of things."

"Don't talk like that," Uncle Fred scolded her. "Suppose Bill heard you! He was like a crazy man this morning till he saw your car on top of the hill." He glanced toward the house. "I think he's coming now. I'll be getting on with my work." He winked at her shyly and went off to the barn.

Now that she was alone Jane felt that she couldn't bear to face Bill. She couldn't face the question that would

be in his eyes, might be on his lips. Swiftly she took up her bag and fled in arrant cowardice to the shelter of her old room.

THERE WERE gooseberry tarts for lunch. Gooseberry tarts and cold ham and homemade potato salad and biscuits and buttermilk. In the midst of all this, Bill asked Jane, "Where the devil have you been all morning?"

Jane, illogically on the defensive, answered, "I only got here an hour ago, and I suppose I am allowed to unpack. Or am I?"

Bill grinned. "You don't need to be so fierce about it. I was only asking."

"Now, now, children!" admonished Aunt Lib.

They both fell silent in instant obedience, as if they really had been children. Jane saw Larry's eyebrows rise in cryptic commentary.

Her irritation veered suddenly from Bill to Larry. "He needn't look so superior," she thought hotly. "I bet his mother has slapped him down often enough. In a nice way, of course." Then she reminded herself: "But Aunt Lib isn't my mother. She's just an old farm woman whom I happen to love. I suppose that's why he thinks it so odd."

Larry said, "I wish our cook could turn out a gooseberry tart like this."

Jane didn't like that either, she didn't quite know why. She answered snap-

hawk his wares from door to door. How could he fail to realize that this quilt was a token of love, a gift that held thoughts and memories so precious that to speak of it and price in the same breath was a desecration!

It was Bill who rescued them from the excruciating embarrassment of that moment. He said kindly, "Larry, I think what Aunt Lib means is that she made the quilt as a present for Jane."

"That's right," Aunt Lib announced. She looked straight at Larry, and her face was so hostile as to be almost frightening. "I made it for her when she gets married. See, it's big enough for a double bed. It's to be her wedding present."

"Yes, I see," said Larry absently. Jane felt him looking at her. Unwillingly she raised her eyes to meet his. The message in them was plain. It was almost as if he were saying the words aloud: "What are you waiting for? Tell her. Tell her good and loud, so we all can hear you—I and Aunt Lib and Bill—especially Bill. Tell her, 'If it's to be my wedding present you might as well give it to me now. Because I'm going to marry Larry.'"

Oh, yes, she knew what that look meant. This was it. This was the moment. There was no escape now!

She got up from her chair. She felt curiously wooden, her brain was fuzzy and her lips were numb. With an effort she said, "Bill, would you come outside with me a moment? I—I want to talk to you."

In the brief interval before Bill answered she saw the three faces turned toward her. Aunt Lib's suddenly stricken; Larry's a little self-conscious; Bill's—it was hard to know just what the look in Bill's eyes meant. Was it apprehension, or was it, could it possibly be, pity?

His answer gave her no clue. He said only, "Of course, Janey," and cupped his fingers under her elbow.

She was glad of the steady pressure of his hand. They walked out onto the porch, and the bright sunlight struck her across the eyes, blinded her.

She said, "Let's go somewhere where it won't be so light. Somewhere dark and quiet, where we won't be disturbed."

"How about the barn?" asked Bill. "Uncle Fred's gone down to the village. We'll be alone there."

SHE LET him lead her to the barn and lift her onto one of the grain boxes in the sweet-smelling, dust-powdered gloom. He stood at her knee, looking up at her with a sort of kindly patience that was almost paternal.

"Bill," she said, "remember when I spoke to you on the phone and said there was something I wanted to talk to you about?"

"Yes," said Bill, "I remember."

"It was about Larry," Jane told him. She said, "Don't look at me, Bill. Just listen, will you? It's going to be hard to say with you looking at me."

"All right," said Bill. He turned his head away. "I'm listening."

Jane said, "I met Larry three weeks ago. He—he says he fell in love with me that first night. But I don't know about myself. He was so sure that I must feel the way he did that I guess he just carried me along with him. And then, after I'd known him a week, he took me to his home. It was a big house, an easy, comfortable, lived-in sort of house. I suppose it was rather elegant, but the thing I felt most about it was that it was a home. Bill, his mother was sweet and so gracious! And his father, too, in a funny, formal sort of way. They never seemed to question for a moment that I was going to marry their son. Till then it had all seemed rather unreal. But when they accepted it so naturally, I began to believe it myself. So I agreed to spend these two weeks with them, and they were to announce our engagement."

She stopped. Bill's head was still turned away. Now, suddenly, she had to see his face. She put her hand against his cheek and turned his head toward her.

But there was nothing in his eyes that she could read.

She whispered, "Forgive me, Bill, for telling you all this. But I had to. You know I've always had to tell you everything."

He pressed her hand. "It's all right, Janey."

"I wanted to tell you last night," she explained. "But I couldn't. That's why I came up here. To tell you. Larry—well, I guess he just came along for the ride." She smiled thinly.

"Okay," said Bill. "Now you've told me." He said it very quietly, so quietly that her heart gave a sharp jerk, and

■ Continued on next page



"This is our guest room!"

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touched her cheek and asked, quizzically, "You're not catching measles again, are you, Jane?"

She answered unthinkingly, "It's probably just a mosquito bite . . ." And then she saw his eyebrows go up, and she knew what he meant. She said sharply, "Silly!"

"No," he said, "I'm not silly. You sit there with your mind on something far off and I don't know what you're thinking. Ever since we got here I haven't known." He looked up at Bill then, abruptly, and asked, "Do you know what she's thinking, Bill?"

Bill looked down from the porch rail. But he didn't look at Larry. He looked at Jane, and his eyes went deep inside her. He said slowly, "I don't know, Larry. I'm not sure that she does . . ."

There was a silence after that, a thick heavy silence. Jane looked at her hands twisting and turning on one another. The heat seemed to bear down on her oppressively. She felt as if she were smothering. Oh, no, it wasn't the heat at all. It was this awful, waiting silence. This silence that cried aloud, "Here's your chance! Put an end to this agonizing. Go ahead, tell Bill what you were thinking."

She moistened her lips. "I was thinking . . ." she began. Her eyes sought to escape Bill's, but they couldn't. There was an awareness in his look that held her.

She started afresh. "I was thinking . . ." Then, in that moment while she was struggling to push the syllables out between her dry lips, the door behind her opened. She twisted around to face Aunt Lib.

The old woman said in an oddly breathless voice, "I hope I didn't interrupt. I just thought, long as you folks weren't doing anything particular this afternoon, you might like to look at my quilts. I made some new ones last winter."

Jane leaped to her feet. She felt like a condemned person who has just got word of his reprieve. She cried gratefully, "Oh, we'd love to, Aunt Lib."

They all followed Aunt Lib into the house. She led them into the dim parlor and moved sedately toward the cupboard in the corner. She took down a snowy pile of spreads and commanded, "Bill, open the blinds. You can't hardly see in this light."

She set down her pile on the walnut table in the centre of the room, saying with a shrug. "These ain't as good as some I've made. My eyesight ain't what it used to be."

"Oh, but they're beautiful!" cried Jane. She unfolded them one by one and held them up to the light. "Look, Larry, this is the Blue Bell pattern, and this one's the Tulip. And this is the Sun and Stars. Aren't they works of art?"

"Um," said Larry. He sounded bored. Jane told herself she could hardly expect a man to get excited over needlework.

"Well," announced Aunt Lib finally, "that's the lot. Unless—" she added, her voice suddenly lowered to a sibilant whisper, "unless you want me to show your friend your quilt."

"My quilt?" Jane echoed. She knew the one Aunt Lib meant, of course, but why was she making such a point of it? Why had she dropped her voice to a whisper? She looked up and found that the old lady was regarding her with a peculiar, challenging glitter in her eyes.

"She's up to something," thought Jane. "But what can it be?" She

couldn't imagine what the quilt could have to do with the glint in Aunt Lib's eyes. A little uneasily, she assented, "Yes, show it to him, Aunt Lib."

Aunt Lib turned back to the cupboard again. She brought out a quilt that had been kept separate from the rest. She would not allow Jane to take it from her, but spread it out herself in front of Larry.

She told him, "This pattern has no name. Leastwise, I call it Jane's quilt." Her work-worn fingers traced the pattern, the cunning scrolls, the love knots, the bright nosegays of flowers. "You couldn't call it noways else. See this sprigged challis? That was from her first party dress, the one she wore when Bill took her to the strawberry festival, over to the church. And this pink here, that's from the wrapper I ran up for her when she had the measles. She and Bill both took it at the same time. I never was sure in my mind who gave it to who . . . This red flower here, that piece comes from one of Bill's bandanas . . . One time Jane fell off her bike and cut her knee. Bill, he tied it up for her with his handkerchief. After I took it off I washed it and put it in my piece bag. I guess Bill must have wondered what happened to it . . ."

Her voice went on, but Jane wasn't listening any longer. She didn't need Aunt Lib to tell her what those bits of cloth meant. She remembered every one, and every one carried some sharp, stabbing memory of Bill.

She protested silently. "Why are you doing this to me, Aunt Lib? Why? It's cruel. I can't stand it!" She wanted to cry, "Stop it! Stop it!" She wanted to get up and run out of the room. But she couldn't speak; she couldn't move. She could only sit there dumbly staring at the quilt, till the pattern blurred before her eyes.

Then suddenly, through the haze of her misery, she heard Larry's voice. Larry's voice, intolerably bright and cheerful, saying, "You're some saleswoman, Aunt Lib! I believe you. It should be Jane's quilt, I'm going to buy it for her. How much do you want for it?"

His words shattered Jane's apathy. She half-rose out of her chair, motioning frantically, with her head, with her hands. "No, Larry! No!" But he paid no attention to her. He asked, "Is fifty dollars all right?"

Jane imagined that she saw Aunt Lib cast a triumphant glance at her in the instant before she drew herself up with that freezing dignity she was capable of, and replied, "It's not for sale, young man!"

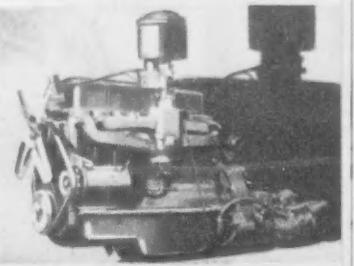
"But surely," protested Larry, "that's what you were showing them for, weren't you?"

Jane said it aloud, now. It was too late for tactfulness. "Please, Larry! Don't!"

He glanced at her, bewildered, and then, as if he thought he had suddenly caught her meaning, his face brightened and he asked Aunt Lib, "How about seventy-five?"

JANE SANK back in her chair. She felt as if she had suddenly gone dead inside. She sat looking dully at Larry as if he were some stranger who had wandered into the room by mistake. He was a stranger, she told herself. No one who knew her, no one who had the slightest feeling for her, could stand there and haggle with Aunt Lib as if she were an Armenian rug pedlar,

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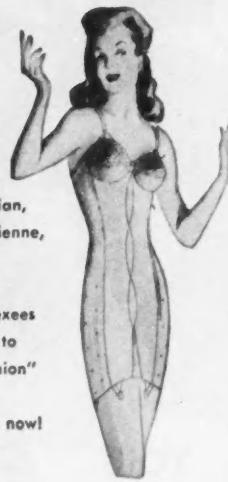
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she thought, "He doesn't care. I've been wrong about him all along. He doesn't care!"

Then Bill asked, "Is that all? Are you sure there isn't something more?"

"Why, yes!" she exclaimed in surprise. "How did you know?"

He looked squarely into her eyes. "I know you, Janey. I know every inflection of your voice. I know every gesture of your hands, and the sound of your laughter—when it's real and when it isn't. I've always known."

"Oh!" breathed Jane. "Oh! Then I don't have to tell you?"

"No," said Bill, "you don't have to tell me any more. You didn't even have to tell me this much. I wouldn't have let you come up here, to torture yourself with the memories of this place, if I hadn't known by your voice that you were frightened and panicky. That you needed help."

"You say it for me, then," Jane pleaded. She laid her hands in his. "I can't. It makes me feel so—so contemptible!"

"You shouldn't feel that way," Bill told her. "We don't any of us know ourselves as well as we might. We all

make mistakes. You thought you were in love with Larry, but you were only in love with what he represented to you; a home, a real home, solid, unchanging. You loved the idea of having a mother like his mother and a father like his father—something you had never had and had always wanted. Because you wanted that so badly, you let yourself believe you wanted him."

"Yes," Jane agreed, "that must have been it. I hadn't thought it out. I only knew something was wrong. Everything that happened today was like a wedge being driven between Larry and me, pushing us farther apart. Something he said in the car, coming up; and that business with the bags; and that remark about his cook, at lunch . . . But it was this last thing that did it. The quilt! Oh, Bill, I knew then that there was nothing we shared, Larry and I. All our feelings about things are different. I knew, when he was trying to bargain with Aunt Lib for my quilt, that he and I had nothing in common, no past, no present, no future!"

Bill murmured, "Aunt Lib is a very remarkable woman."

Jane's eyes widened. "You mean she

CHATELAINE, MARCH, 1941

did it on purpose? She did it to show me what I couldn't see by myself?"

"I expect that was the general idea," Bill agreed. "She was listening behind the door all the time we were on the porch. I could see her from where I was sitting."

"Oh!" Jane cried. "Poor Larry! How he fell into her trap!"

"I guess she didn't foresee that it would work out as neatly as that," Bill suggested. "She probably only wanted to show you the quilt to remind you . . ."

"To remind me that our lives are made in the same pattern, yours and mine. That was it, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Bill. "I imagine that was it."

Jane's hands held tight to his. "Oh, I'm glad! I'm glad she did it, Bill. Only"—her face fell—"what about poor Larry?"

"I guess he'll have to be told," said Bill soberly. "You've got it to do."

"But not today," cried Jane. "Don't let's let anything else spoil today!" Her eyes were soft and very bright.

"I'll tell him tomorrow!" she said. ■

A Star for Susan :: Continued from page 16

about the corruption of justice, and drag Dickie Spack out into the limelight, and flay the mayor publicly; they would tell Dorothy's story from the sob-sister angle as sure as fate . . .

No, that mustn't happen. They mustn't find anything. And the answer to that was simple enough.

Susan looked up at Jean. "It's all right," she said. "It will be all right, Jean." She went back to the table. "It's time we got at this piece of construction. It's like building a bridge. I'll grind the veal for the dressing. Can you bone the turkey now?"

It was a pleasure to work with Jean. His hands were so dexterous and swift, his movements so exact. He talked, today, going over and over all the details of the luncheon tomorrow, the salad, the lobster bisque they had decided upon, the table setting.

Susan listened to him and answered him, but her thoughts were not entirely with him. At last she said slowly, "Jean, I may as well tell you now. I—I hate to tell you. But I don't think I can stay with you here any longer. No, no, don't look so horrified, I won't go today—but tomorrow morning, when everything is ready for the luncheon, I think I must go."

Well, it was said. The interlude was over, and that's all it had been. An interlude.

But wasn't that all she had expected from this little time, a little recess from the kind of life she had been living, a chance to think, to look at life and think? And she had thought, and she had made progress in her way of looking at things. Wasn't that the way she had

to look at it all? And now it was behind her; it was over.

All through Jean's sadness over her news, over his protestations of gratitude and his affectionate words, she kept telling herself that her time here had been much more interesting and profitable than she had hoped. Somehow she had dropped into the lives of a group of people at a climactic point, she had been very fortunate in stumbling over details and bits of knowledge that revealed them all to her so clearly; she had learned a great deal. She ought to be happy about it.

Well . . . she couldn't be very happy, could she? The others weren't happy. Somehow no matter how detached she wanted to be, no matter how she kept telling herself that this wasn't her life, that she was only a spectator, she kept taking those other problems terribly to heart. There was poor little Dorothy, there at Hathaways', being mothered by Mrs. Hathaway for a day or two before she had to pull herself together and face her own life, unhappy as it looked. Susan could help her a good deal, more than anybody dreamed; but she couldn't make a whole new life for Dorothy, and that's what was needed. There was Mrs. Hathaway, looking forward to nothing; seeing her serenity and happiness almost gone. There was . . . Jim.

For Jim to marry Marian was dreadful. But what could anyone do?

Maybe she ought to forget herself entirely, to go over and ask for Jim and tell him the truth about Marian. Maybe that's what she ought to do.

But she couldn't. If she did that, something in her would

break. Something almost had, that day on the hill, when he had come to her and put his arms around her. Just for a second she had told herself that he loved her, had let herself think that he loved her; but at once she knew that wasn't true. He had come to a sympathetic human being for comfort, that was all. That was everything.

But the touch of his arms had told her something about herself that she had only barely suspected.

No, she couldn't go to him. Because, it might be that he—well, that he did feel an attraction for her. So much must be true. And if he did, and if he showed it under any circumstances different from those of the other day, she would hate him. You couldn't respect weakness. Maybe she almost hated him already, for marrying Marian Parsons. That was weakness, it was blindness. It was stupidity.

"Oh," Susan cried suddenly, and leaned against the kitchen wall. She stared at her hand. The heavy sharp knife had cut deep into her hand, in the muscle at the base of the palm. The blood spurted out and dropped on the floor. She stared at it.

Jean made one of his lightning moves, not speaking. He jerked open a drawer, pulled out a piece of linen, ripped it across, flew back to Susan and bound it tightly around her wrist. The blood poured through it, soaking it as quickly as Jean could get it on. He glanced up into Susan's face anxiously, and she knew what she looked like; something green and deathly. Blood . . .

The grindstone . . . and Jim, saying ■ Continued on page 40

Descriptions of Patterns on pages 32 and 33.

back of neck opening of dress: 6". Price 25 cents. *

No. 3637—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39" fabric; 3 yards of 54" fabric. Shoulder pads: 1/4 yard of 35" thin muslin. Price 25 cents.

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foolish. Coming away from her own life to be detached and quiet, to look at things objectively, and then to get hurt like this. To find herself listening to every car that stopped at the door, to find her eyes straying across the garden a thousand times a day, watching for Jim to come home; to find herself standing with a sick heart, staring at the calendar, wishing that she could tear that horrible day right out of it and burn it, so that it would never come . . .

SHE HAD made him go away after a while. It hadn't been hard to do, when he knew she was coming home tomorrow. And she went on sitting under the apple tree, trying to think things out, trying to look ahead. It was impossible. She couldn't think of staying at home, living the old life, although it wouldn't be quite so bad as it had been. That was true enough. Because Daphne was going to marry Bill Gorman.

It was a piece of news that Derry had given rather offhandedly, just as he was leaving, as if it were of little importance. Daphne was going to marry Bill Gorman. That meant that she wouldn't care about her father's money any longer; that she might stop hating Susan. It meant also that Derry was free to put on the strongest sort of campaign for her, Susan. It was obviously what he meant to do, and that wouldn't be pleasant. Somehow it was impossible to get rid of Derry, who wouldn't talk sense, who wouldn't be insulted or offended or in any way kept at a distance.

It sounded pretty unhappy for everybody—maybe most of all for Daphne.

Well, living at home in the old way was impossible. But what else was there

to do? She could never come back here. And she couldn't go anywhere else, to begin again, as Derry had tauntingly suggested. This was her very own situation that she had stepped into; it had been made for her. She could look ahead and see Jim's hospital, the place where he could work out everything he wanted, where he could be happy and fulfilled; she could see herself in the big old Hathaway house, loving every minute of being there; changing things, yes, but not from hatred or bitterness or restlessness; changing things to make them more beautiful, more comfortable, warmer, more homelike. There, across the garden, was everything she wanted, or ever could want, for herself or for her father's money.

But it wasn't hers.

She got up and went in after a while and helped get dinner; and a lot of people came for dinner tonight, just because she and Minna and Jean were tired and not very happy and wished that nobody would come. It was after nine o'clock when the last dishes were done. But Susan still was restless. So she went into the big cool woodshed, plugged in the iron, and began to iron diapers.

She was there when Jim came.

He came from the hallway that separated the shed from the kitchen, letting himself in silently and closing the door behind him; so that Susan thought he was the old grandmother, who slipped about like a mouse, and said without turning, "I think these must be the two wettest babies in the world. There are forty-seven diapers in this pile."

It was Jim who moved out into the

Continued on next page

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. . . whether you can or not . . . She lifted herself away from the wall. She choked down the lump in her throat. She said in a small voice, "Pull it tighter, Jean. It will stop bleeding in a minute. And don't look so frightened. It's a clean cut. A clean cut heals in no time."

SUSAN WAS out in the shed, ironing diapers. The day's work was done; everything was ready for tomorrow. She was going away in the morning, and Jean and Minna were a little more reconciled to the idea now, since she had explained to them that she had always known she must go very soon, some time before the end of the week. It had been easier to get them to let her go since this afternoon, because Derry had come this afternoon; and one look at Derry, five minutes of listening to him, had made Jean and Minna somehow understand a lot of things about Susan that they hadn't guessed before.

Derry had come in about three o'clock, just when the turkey was finally finished. Jean had just finished lifting him out of the kettle, stripping off his linen shroud, and setting him carefully in the big oblong pan, where Susan held him steady while Jean lifted the hot liquid and poured it over him. They had held him straight in it, with skewers propped against the side of the dish, so that the bird would set square in the middle of the amber block. It had been most successful, even with Susan's wounded hand to hamper them.

"Hello, there," Derry's voice had said suddenly, at the back door. "So there you are, Susie, after all these weary days."

Susan had looked at him, stepping into the kitchen without being asked; so immaculate, so debonair, with such an amused look in his eyes; and suddenly he had done something to the place just by being in it, cheapened it, somehow. When Derry looked at Jean he saw a fat red-faced Frenchman who cooked for a living; Minna was a thinnish woman, not very pretty, with a pink apron that had something spilled all over the front; and Susan felt blowzy and hot and tired.

"Hello, Derry," she had said slowly, after a minute.

He came over and looked at the turkey. His eyes were laughing. "That's a magnificent concoction," he said. "Looks as if it had taken a considerable amount of making. Of course it's for Sir Harry. I hear he's coming tomorrow."

Susan said crossly, "Derry, I wish you'd go away. I just don't feel like talking to you now. I—I'm tired, and I've cut my hand, and it's hot in here, and I wish you'd go away. I'll see you tomorrow. I'm coming home tomorrow."

Jean had looked at her then, quickly, because she hadn't mentioned home before; and then at Derry, obviously out of a different world than this hot kitchen. He had said nothing. But Minna's face had changed. That difference was more perceptible to her than to Jean. Jean was an artist; he saw likenesses more easily than differences.

"Let me take you home," Derry suggested instantly. "Why can't you go tonight?"

"No, I'm not going tonight, Derry, go away, will you? I don't feel like talking to you."

"Little strung up, honey, aren't you? I'll go away. I'll go away for an hour. Then I'll come back, and you'll have your face washed and maybe a little powder on your nose, and be more

yourself. Yes? Because I'm not going away, you know, until we've had a little talk."

"All right," Susan said wearily. "You're not going away until we've had a little talk."

So they had had their little talk, after a while, and it had not been very pleasant. Because Derry couldn't understand, wouldn't believe, that she had loved being with Jean and Minna, and working, and building something up here. He knew a little bit about—well, about other things; and he persisted in suggesting that Susan had let herself "get a little sentimental over the young doctor."

"It would be like something you'd do, Susie," he said lazily. "He's an attractive lad, I've seen him. But it's too bad you couldn't have found an unattached gentleman, isn't it, and not one all tied up in one thing and another. What does his lady friend think of you? She's been walking out with him for quite a while, I hear."

"Miss Parsons doesn't think anything of me," Susan said. "She doesn't have to. Don't be silly, Derry."

"Well, you're coming home," he reminded her. "That's all that matters. And a fine idea, too. You've gone off, my love. You've lost some of your polish, not that you ever had much. I'm not sure you're not fat, too," he said critically. "A pound or two, anyway."

"Derry, you're not talking to Daphne."

"No, I'm not, am I?"

"I don't care anything about polish," Susan said bitterly. "Nor fat, either. Not a pound or two, anyway. I don't care anything about any of those things. I never did and I never will. So you may as well know it."

He had been lying beside her on the grass under the old apple tree in the back garden. He rolled over suddenly and said, "Now, look here, Susan; you aren't trying to tell me that you still like the simple life? Haven't you had enough? You're tired and worried, and you've got your fingers well burned; isn't it time you got over that nonsense? Don't you know that it's always like this down on the lower levels, full of fuss and confusion and pulling and hauling and struggling; they get their emotions all tangled up with their pocketbooks. You simply can't have any fun when you have to worry about money, too."

"It isn't money that makes the difference, Derry."

"No?" he replied. "Then what are you going to do now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, are you going to move on to some other situation, get into it with both feet, struggle around in it? Where's that going to get you? Or are you going to come up where you belong, and play in the sun? It looks pretty silly, you going along from situation to situation, trying to get into one, when you've got a place of your own waiting for you."

He took her hand, lying limply in her lap, and patted it gently. "It looks a little cheap, Susan," he said. "And it won't work. It's like an old maid hunting for a man. She's just funny, that's all. Susan Van Wyck, hunting for life. Moving from precedent to precedent, getting tangled up in other people's affairs but coming out of them all empty-handed. Unless, of course," he finished, "you fall in love easy. As you seem to."

Susan pulled her hand away angrily, but it wasn't really Derry she was angry at. She didn't care enough about him to be angry with him. It was herself she hated, so tangled and miserable and



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safe. Then his hand came down, and it caught Susan's in a hard, firm, close grip.

Out in the meadow the fireflies flickered and danced over the long grass. Susan stood with her hand in Jim's and did not move.

Then Jim turned to her. His other hand touched her shoulder, slid down her arm, caught her to him. He said against her forehead, "You know how it is, don't you? You know, don't you, Susan?"

Susan didn't answer. His lips were against her hair, her brow, her cheek. He looked down at her there in the twilight. "Susan?" he said.

She put up her hand and touched his cheek. He caught the fingers sharply in his own, and his grip crushed them. He said, "I love you. I don't suppose you—maybe you don't—I don't know, but it seems to me that there never was anything in the world so much mine as you are, so much part of me, the best part of me. But you—you don't feel like that, do you? You couldn't feel like that, could you, Susan?"

"No," Susan said in a whisper. "I feel that you're the best part of me." She put her cheek against his shoulder, and held him, and touched him with her palm. He was real, warm and real.

After a long time he said, "I didn't mean to be so abrupt."

"It's all right," Susan said steadily. "It's all right, Jim."

"No," he said. "It isn't fair. I don't think I could let you go now, that's the trouble. And there are a lot of things we should have settled before we came to this point."

"About the future?"

"Yes, about the future. It's got to be my way. Maybe that's not fair. Maybe it looks as if I won't have anything that doesn't agree with me. It isn't exactly like that. It's only that—well, maybe each of us starts a puzzle that makes a sensible sort of picture when it's done, and it's no use trying to make it fit into another picture. If it isn't the same one, it doesn't get anywhere. My picture's pretty plain—just a country doctor, never much money, never anything very glamorous or adventurous. I'll never be able to buy you a mink coat or a diamond dinner ring. The money for things like that will come in, but what with radium and iron lungs, it'll go out again. Is that all right with you? If it isn't," he said steadily, "I want you to say so now."

Susan held him at arm's length. She leaned against the edge of the woodshed door. She looked up at him. She was thinking about her father, and how happy he would be if he could know about her now.

"Well?" Jim said evenly. So that Susan knew that no matter how much he loved her, there was another loyalty that came first, and was proud.

The Soldier and His Spare Time Problems

Continued from page 13

It is not true that venereal disease is increasing. So far as the military and naval establishments are concerned, the facts are exactly opposite. Medical and hospitalization records show that the incidence of venereal infections this year is less than one third as great as it was in 1916, during the last war. Several circumstances have combined to bring about this condition.

There has been no great increase in

the numbers of children born out of wedlock. Social agencies caring for women and children are much more worried about the sudden shortage of suitable boarding homes for neglected youngsters, and the breaking up of many soldiers' homes because of wanton conduct on the part of some wives, than they are alarmed about the arrival of unwanted war babies.

The truth is that the mental, moral

TO BE part of a pattern that could produce such loyalty, that was what a woman wanted.

She said, "You mean you're going to begin the hospital right away? It's the most important thing of all?"

"I was hoping you'd think so, too."

"Jim."

"Yes?"

"I care about that hospital. You needn't ever think for a second that I don't. I've been trying for a long time to find something that was worth working for. A purpose. I couldn't find it. But you've got one that I could work for—with you. It almost seems as if it were intended to be this way. My father would have been very happy to know."

"Your father?"

"He was a good man," Susan said gently. "Maybe some people thought he was hard and grasping. He wasn't. This was the sort of thing he wanted money for. I suppose I ought to tell you that he was Andrew Van Wyck. It makes a lot of difference to your plans. You don't have to worry about bankers or contracts or anything. My father left everything like that all ready for you—and the hospital."

Jim's hands slid down her arms and tightened there above her elbows, in a grasp that was numbing. He pushed her away and held her, staring down into her face, trying to make it out in the dimness. He said incredulously, "What are you talking about? Andrew Van Wyck? The Van Wycks are the people—look, I went over to the Land Titles office. Parsons bought my land and sold it to the Van Wycks. The hospital site, I mean. And he says the Van Wyck girl's going to build a summer place there!"

Susan laughed. "Oh, no, she isn't," she said happily. "Jim, stupid, I'm the Van Wyck girl."

He stood thinking that over. His fingers cut into the soft flesh of her arms. Just for a second, Susan was afraid. Money, unless you thought of it properly, could be a terrible thing. Just for a second, until Jim spoke, her heart stood still.

He said slowly, "I guess I'm pretty dense. I might have known something like this was the case. I can't get it through my head, though. If it's true, if you mean what you're saying, it's the hospital at last, isn't it? It's the beginning of a new way for Cedarvale. I'm glad. I guess I am. For the hospital. It will save a lot of time—if you mean what you're saying. Maybe a lot of lives."

Then he lifted a hand and tilted her face gently, so that the starlight fell upon it through the open window. He looked down at her for a long time. When he spoke again, his voice was husky. "That's fine, for the hospital," he said. "Personally, I don't care. With you, I'd get the hospital, sooner or later, anyway." He put his lips down to hers. "Purely personally," he said. ■■■

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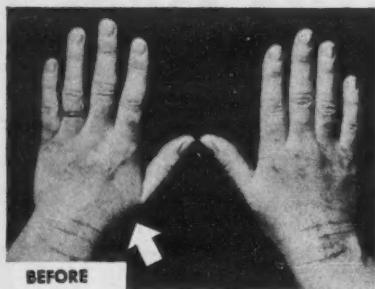
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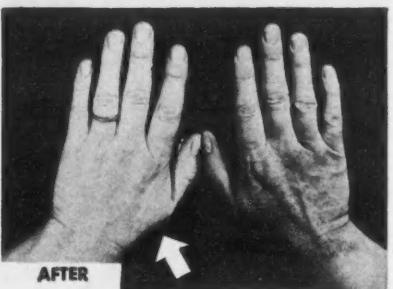
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circle of light over her board. He stood looking down at her, smiling at little. He said, "I bet they are."

Susan got pink. "I didn't know it was you," she said severely. She folded another diaper expertly and ran the iron over it. She went on ironing steadily, not looking at him.

Jim said, "They tell me you cut your hand today. Let me see it."

"It isn't anything."

"I want to see it."

She stood the iron on its end. She held out her left hand. The bandage was tied around her wrist. Jim took it off carefully. He bent over the cut. He put the bandage on again. He looked up quickly and saw the tears in Susan's eyes.

"Did I hurt you?"

Susan shook her head. "Just a little. You know I'm—I'm a baby about getting hurt." She met his eyes firmly. She laughed and got her handkerchief out of her pocket. She blew her nose. She went back to her ironing.

He sat down on the box at the end of the ironing board. He sat there, not moving, not speaking. Watching her hands. Susan didn't think she could stand it. The tears came into her eyes again. She held her lip firmly between her teeth.

"Susan."

"Yes?"

"There are some things I want to tell you."

"I can listen while I'm ironing," Susan said. It would be about Dorothy he wanted to talk. He would probably want to know about Sir Harry's letter, something like that.

"Well," he said, as if he were disappointed. And then, "I thought you might come for a walk."

"I really have to get these done. We've got such a busy day tomorrow. And . . ." she stopped. No, she

wouldn't tell him she was going. It sounded pathetic. It sounded terribly pathetic to her. It might give her away to him.

"Well," he said again. "It's—a good enough place, I guess. Susan, the first thing I have to say is that Marian and I aren't going to be married on Saturday."

Susan's iron stopped. After a second it went on again. She said in a low voice, "I hope that doesn't mean unhappiness for either of you."

There was a long silence. Susan glanced at him, and he was sitting with his head down, looking at his hands locked together.

"No," he said slowly, "it doesn't. It's the best thing that ever happened. I—I'd like to tell you why it's this way."

"If you'd like to tell me, I'd like to know."

"Well," he said, "it's just that we don't belong together. That's about the whole thing. I guess there isn't very much to explain after all. Marian doesn't love me. I guess that's the whole story."

Susan stood the iron up again. She folded the diaper carefully and put it on the pile. She took another one, shook it out, and laid it on the board.

"It's really only half the story, isn't it?" she said carefully.

He got up abruptly. He said, "Look. Do those little brats need all these tomorrow? Couldn't they wear 'em if they weren't ironed?"

Susan looked at him. There was something in his face that made her pink again, and queer and dizzy. But she said steadily, "All the best doctors say they've either got to be boiled for twenty minutes or ironed. These weren't boiled for twenty minutes. They've got to be ironed."

He put up his long arm and turned the switch. The light went out, too. He touched the iron to make sure it was

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SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily.

PHELACTINE DEPILATORY removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

DOMINION GIANT ASTERS NEW WILT-RESISTANT TYPE 45¢ VALUE - 15¢ GET ACQUAINTED OFFER

Finest of all Asters. One pkt. each Crimson, Shell-pink, Azure-blue, regular price 45¢, for only 15¢, (or 6 separate colors 25¢) Postpaid. Don't miss this remarkable offer. FREE—Our big 1941 Seed and Nursery Book. Better than ever. Send today.

DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ont.

WHY LOOK YOUR AGE?

Princess Skin Food, basis of the facials given by the famous Hiscott Institute, positively corrects withered skin; removes wrinkles; restores sagging muscles; builds healthy tissues. Does for the face what good food does for the system. Generous pot \$1.65 by mail with instructions. Send today.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE LIMITED
63 College St. Toronto, Ont.

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

when you use this amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

35¢ for 5 rinses
25¢ for 2 rinses

LOVALON HAIR RINSE

ments and separation allowances representing more money in a month than they had been accustomed to see in six. The sudden prosperity proved too much for some of the women. There have been numerous cases of broken homes and desertion of children by their mothers directly traceable to this unusual but understandable cause.

Child welfare organizations appealed to the serviceman in such a crisis as this, usually step in and take charge of the younger members of the family, placing them in carefully selected and supervised boarding homes, thus providing a suitable environment for the youngsters. Now another wartime perplexity arises. Foster mothers—some of them married, some widowed—who were supplementing small family budgets by boarding babies and young children, are finding much more profitable occupation in munition plants and other war activities. Their homes are no longer available for child guests. Usually the welfare agencies have more applications than they have children to board. Not any more. In past years the Infants' Home in Toronto has had as many as 900 names and addresses on file. Last year, reports Miss Vera Moberley, general secretary of the Home, the number dropped to 307, and those figures represent a nation-wide condition disturbing to the groups concerned.

Among all the women's organizations busy with war work directly in contact with the service forces, the Young Women's Christian Association seems to occupy a key position. The Y. W., through a system of Hostess Houses conveniently located near many military and naval camps—but outside the camp area—is providing clearing stations for all the troubles the enlisted man's flesh is heir to. Because they are on the civilian side, they can offer the soldier with time on his hands all sorts of advantages not available inside the camp barriers. Especially the Hostess Houses are appreciated by the servicemen's womenfolk; mothers, wives and sweethearts.

Hostess Houses plan parties, arrange dances complete with nice girl partners, run a light lunch counter that they call a "tuck shop," although just why an English schoolboy's name for a snack bar should have been transposed to fit a dry canteen is a mystery, arrange cozy corners for confidential chats, libraries for the literary. There seems to be nothing that the workers in the Hostess Houses will not undertake—and put through. They arrange weddings, even whip up a wedding cake, and hand out rice to the guests. They send telephone messages to men in camp, advising them that their visitors have arrived safely. They find rooms for relatives and sometimes for soldiers and sailors on more or less permanent duty in Canada; they locate family apartments and see to it that the rent is what it ought to be. They patch up small injuries in first-aid stations. Hitchhiking wives and mothers are rested and comforted at Hostess Houses. There is a case on record of a seventy-year-old hitchhiker who travelled hundreds of miles to one camp so that she could see her son before he was sent overseas. She hadn't seen him for twelve years. The Hostess House located not only the son, but a grandson to boot, in service at the same camp.

In one camp at least, there is a boarded-off corner where the soldier who is going out on a heavy date can press



"I've lost my ticket for the tow."
"Just give the man a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



• Hundreds of people say to themselves, "I'm not constipated, why do I get these backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago?" Remember this—you may be "regular", but if elimination is not complete, poisons remain in your system. These poisons get into your bloodstream—they are carried to all parts of your body. The result is likely to be trouble...and pain...in one part of your body or another.

The thing to do is to start taking Kruschen Salts. Kruschen contains several highly refined mineral salts. The combination of these salts helps to stimulate the liver and kidneys.

to normal, healthy action, and to wake up lazy excretory organs. The result is regular elimination which is complete and gentle too. The blood is relieved of its overload of poisons. The whole system is cleansed. You get that million dollar feeling of health and vigour.

So get a bottle of Kruschen today. At drug stores, 25c and 75c.

Just take what you can put on a dime—each morning—in your coffee or in hot water.

"NO MORE TIME LOST BECAUSE OF BACKACHE!"

IT'S THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT!

KRUSCHEN



Even a beginner can do perfect dyeing with Diamond Dyes. Diamond has a 50-year reputation for uniformly successful results due to the fact that they contain more and finer colouring matter than ordinary dyes. You can count on these advantages when you use Diamond Dyes:

- ★ Rich lustrous colours—like new material.
- ★ All the season's smart popular colours.
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- ★ Simple, easy to use either as tints or dyes.
- ★ Dependable results the rule.
- ★ Inexpensive—go further because more concentrated.

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA



"Take my advice—send for NURSE DREW'S BOOKLET"

Her booklet contains a reassuring message dealing with the intimate problem of "Personal Hygiene". Every woman should write for a copy. It explains how easily the Rendells method provides that complete protection which allows a happy, self-assured personality. In use for fifty years, Rendells are still foremost in the confidence of women.

Nurse Drew, c/o Lyman Agencies, Ltd., 286, St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.
 Please send me copy of the Free Booklet "Personal Hygiene".
 I enclose \$1.00 for full size carton of Rendells and Free Booklet, to be mailed, prepaid, in plain wrapper.
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

D31

Rendells are simple and ready-to-use; positive in action, yet absolutely harmless. Separately wrapped in foil, in boxes of 12. Ask your druggist for

RENDELLS

and physical standards of the servicemen of 1941 is higher than the average of the years between 1914 and 1918. Requirements for enlistment are more exacting, medical care is more thorough, and there is a great deal more method and less slapdash about camp management than there was during the first war with Germany. Canteens and recreational facilities inside the camps, operated by organizations that have picked up their jobs where they laid them down twenty years ago, are generally excellent. Those soldiers' welfare agencies whose functions stop at the camp barriers, are not yet so completely organized; but they will be. Exaggerated tales of gaudy misconduct by men in uniform are grossly unfair to the services as a whole. One officer, a newspaperman in private life, put it this way: "Doggone it, some rumpot who has managed to get into uniform, grabs a mickey of raw alcohol, drinks, then goes haywire with spectacular consequences, and that's front-page stuff for everybody to shake their heads about. But there just isn't any news in ten thousand soldiers behaving themselves."

Adequately to discharge the duties they have assumed, social agencies in wartime must be prepared to cope with every emergency. It is inevitable that many of these emergencies will deal with the enlisted man's companions of the opposite sex. Natural impulses are not to be plowed under merely because a male human being is wearing clothes of an unaccustomed cut. Military authorities and the civilian police admit the presence of professional street walkers in towns and cities convenient to large troop concentrations; but, they say, the sinister activities of these harpies are being held in check increasingly as time goes on and their occupation is noted and reported. Once they are identified, it is comparatively a simple matter to arrange for their removal to a less dangerous and more austere environment; in other words, to place them in reformatories. The association of organizations grouped under the various Local Councils of Women are now urging upon the proper authorities the appointment of policewomen to provincial police forces. They reason, and with sound logic, that a feminine officer is likely to be much more efficient than a man when it comes to tracking down undesirable members of her own sex.

A more perverse situation is created by girls and women whose chief characteristics are a low sense of moral responsibility coupled with a high hankering after excitement. All our large cities, and most of the smaller communities where camps are located, have among their populations a percentage of weak sisters of this type. They are not after the serviceman's bankroll, but they are out for a good time. Usually they are employed, and, like the servicemen, they are usually far away from their homes. They may have no relatives or close friends within hundreds of miles. What could be more natural than that the lonely working girl should make a date with the lonely soldier on week-end leave in a strange town? After such a casual pick-up acquaintance is established, anything can happen.

The fact that, so far, there is no noteworthy increase in the number of children born without benefit of the marriage ceremony has a special significance. Ontario, with its many large encampments and its numerous cities, may be taken as fairly representative of conditions throughout Canada. The Infants' Home at Toronto, caring for

THERE'S NO *Tonic* LIKE FELLOWS' SYRUP



• Fellows' Syrup works quickly. It helps to soothe nerves and to induce restful sleep; it helps to restore good appetite. The essential minerals in this tonic are quickly assimilated, even by men and women who are physically exhausted, nervous and anaemic. If you're run down from overwork or strenuous social activities, Fellows' Syrup will help to restore your strength and do it quickly. Try this tonic.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

LACK SLEEP—NO APPÉTITE—NERVOUS—TRY THIS *Tonic* 75

URGENT! Message To Women Who Suffer FEMALE PAIN

Girls and women who suffer painful irregular periods (headaches, backache, cramps) with upset hysterical nerves should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very effective to relieve such distress and help build up resistance against these spells.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is made especially to help such weak, rundown, nervous women during "difficult days." Also helps build up resistance. Made in Canada. WORTH TRYING! Any drugstore.



How to Get Rid of Them

Corns are caused by pressure and friction—often become large, painful and ugly. Home paring can only give temporary relief—means risk of infection. But there's no need to suffer. Millions have ended corns this easy way. Just put a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster neatly over the corn. It acts quickly and gently as shown above. You have glorious relief and simply by avoiding the pressure and friction which caused your corns, you can prevent their return.

Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for 6.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

unwanted and neglected babies and children from all parts of the province, reports a total of cases handled during 1940, of 1,105 infants, an increase of only thirty-one cases over the 1939 figure. Of these, 832 involved unmarried mothers, but of the 832, only fifty-one fathers were servicemen, or about one in sixteen, a remarkably low figure considering the tens of thousands of enlisted men stationed in Ontario camps from September, 1939, on.

At the same time clinical records show a surprisingly small percentage of venereal infection among the men in uniform. Dr. Gordon Bates, of the Health League of Canada, an organization devoting all its time and effort to combating disease of all types, reports that in the venereal classifications a steady decrease of cases has been observed for some time past, and adds that the enlistment of a vast war machine has made no material change in the situation.

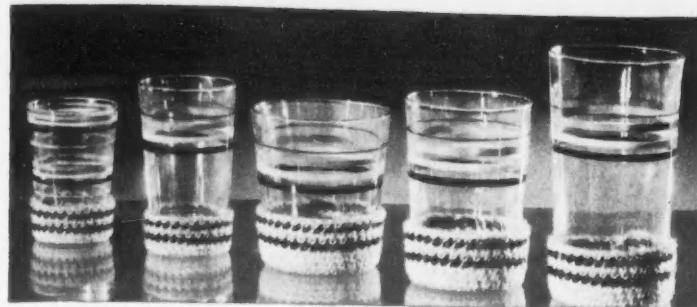
Men in the service forces are better protected against the malignant menace of venereal infection than are civilians. Reports of exposure to possible infection are demanded by regulations, and prophylactic treatment is a matter of routine. Punishment for failure to report is severe. Medical officers talk over the subject frankly with the men. As is the case with the civilian population, free and open discussion of the so-called social diseases, leading to a more general, and a reasonably scientific knowledge of their processes, has worked admirably to defeat their inroads on public health. Also, recent discoveries have introduced new and highly efficacious drugs to their treatment with considerable success.

This, the medical profession says, as one man, is an excellent thing. It may come to be counted the greatest triumph of science over disease since the conquest of smallpox.

All these things have a direct bearing upon soldier-civilian relations outside the camp enclosures. A number of socially conscious men and women are beginning now to search for some means of attracting the lonely young women in our towns and cities to groupings having similar and congenial interests, organizing them, perhaps by occupations or home districts, and so providing them with better spare-time relaxation than making blind dates with men they know nothing about. The Y.W.C.A. is interested in this idea—it is no more than an idea so far—and so are other organizations devoting themselves to providing entertainment for the forces. The officers of the Health League of Canada are doing excellent work in this field. It should be kept in mind that the type of young woman this new and embryonic movement aims to reach is not likely to be interested in church activities, and probably she cannot afford membership in clubs or organizations requiring payment of dues.

This particular problem is for future solution. A great deal has been done already, by a number of agencies, toward making the life of the man in training less lonely and more comfortable, to straighten out the domestic problems of married soldiers and sailors, and to encourage homesick bachelors to take their minds off their troubles.

One painful development peculiar to the circumstances of this war, has resulted when many wives of enlisted men, who had been living scantily on relief rations for years while the husband was unemployed, began to receive a steady income in the form of pay allot-



Glass Gliders

Materials:

Four-ply wool in one-ounce balls.

Size 1

1 ball orange
1 ball red
1 ball black
1 medium crochet hook

Make a dozen

Starting at bottom, with Orange wool, make 2 ch, 5 s.c. in the first ch. Work in rounds.

2nd Round—2 s.c. in each s.c. (10 s.c.)

3rd Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * around.

4th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 2 s.c., repeat from * around.

Now work in s.c., increasing as before (having 1 s.c. more between increases) until there are 25 s.c. in round.

Work 2 rounds even. Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even. Join Orange, work 1 round even.

Join Black, work 1 round even. Join red, work 1 round even.

Size 2

1 ball orange
1 ball red
1 ball black
1 medium crochet hook

Make a dozen

Starting at bottom, with Orange wool, chain 3, join in ring.

1st Round—6 s.c. in ring.

2nd Round—2 s.c. in each s.c., taking both loops.

3rd Round—*1 s.c. in first s.c., 2 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * around.

4th Round—*1 s.c. in first 2 s.c., 2 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * around.

5th Round—*1 s.c. in first 3 s.c., 2 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * around.

Work should now be 1 1/4 inches in diameter. Work 2 rounds even.

Join Black, work 1 round even. Join Red, work 1 round even.

Join Orange, work 1 round even. Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even.

Size 3

1 ball orange
1 ball red
1 ball black
1 medium crochet hook

Make a half-dozen

Starting at bottom, with Orange wool, chain 3, join in ring.

1st Round—6 s.c. in ring.

2nd Round—2 s.c. in each s.c., previous round.

3rd Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * around.

4th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c.

Monarch Dove was used for the glass gliders shown in the illustration.

in each of the next 2 s.c., repeat from * around.

5th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 3 s.c., repeat from * around.

6th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 9 s.c., repeat from * around (33 s.c. in round). Work 2 rounds even.

Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even.

Join Orange, work 1 round even.

Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even.

Size 4

1 ball orange
1 ball red
1 ball black
1 medium crochet hook

Make a half-dozen

Starting at bottom, using Orange wool, chain 3, join in ring.

1st Round—6 s.c. in ring.

2nd Round—2 s.c. in each s.c.

3rd Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * around.

4th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 2 s.c., repeat from * around.

5th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 3 s.c., repeat from * around.

6th Round—Work in s.c., increasing 4 s.c. in round (34 s.c.). Work 2 rounds even.

Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even.

Join Orange, work 1 round even.

Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even.

Size 5

1 ball orange
1 ball red
1 ball black
1 medium crochet hook

Make a half-dozen

Starting at bottom, using Orange wool, chain 3, join in ring.

1st Round—7 s.c. in ring.

2nd Round—2 s.c. in each s.c.

3rd Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in next s.c., repeat from * around.

4th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 2 s.c., repeat from * around.

5th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 6 s.c., repeat from * around.

6th Round—*2 s.c. in first s.c., 1 s.c. in each of the next 7 s.c., repeat from * around (36 s.c. in round).

Work 4 rounds even.

Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even.

Join Orange, work 1 round even.

Join Black, work 1 round even.

Join Red, work 1 round even. ■



Mount Robson (Alt. 12,972) as you will see it from the Mountain Observation Car of The Continental Limited . . . topmost of all the Canadian Rockies . . . a fitting climax of mountain grandeur to the review of a whole continent which has passed before your eyes, cities, rivers, lakes, forests and rolling miles of prairies. Service and cuisine on this smart train match the modern equipment . . . it's air-conditioned, of course. Through sleeping cars between Montreal and Toronto to Jasper and the Pacific Coast.

**NOW...SEE ALL THE
CANADIAN ROCKIES VIA
*The Continental Limited!***



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SHOWPLACE OF THE CONTINENT



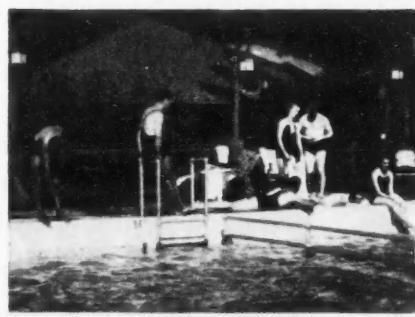
See Glorious Spectacles of mighty glaciers and foaming torrents offered by such side-trips as the Columbia Icefield Drive.



Extend your motor trip to include Banff and Lake Louise, if you wish—see all the Rockies.

Nature's Greatest Show awaits you in Jasper National Park's 4,200 square miles of glittering grandeur. Discover jewel-like lakes—Maligne, Amethyst, Beauvert . . . thrill to surging cataracts—Sunwapta, Athabasca, Punch Bowl Falls or other masterpieces in Nature's lavish picture gallery.

Stop-over at Jasper . . . thrill to the incredible beauty of a vast new mountain world which opens-up to the hiker or trail-rider . . . swim in a heated outdoor pool, play golf or tennis . . . get camera close-ups of dainty mountain deer and frolicsome bears . . . or, you may prefer to loaf in warm sunshine at Jasper Park Lodge, where Canadian National hospitality and fine food make your visit one never-to-be-forgotten pleasure (rates from \$8 a day with meals).



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Fast, modern Canadian National trains to Jasper, Pacific Coast, Ontario, Quebec, Maritimes and other Vacationlands; or combine rail, air and water travel in your Canadian National Holiday.

GRENIER

You know it's there
by the EXTRA WEAR



An Invisible Row of Zig Zag Stitching Makes The Garters On Grenier Corsets So Permanent A Part Of The Garment That No Amount Of Strain Can Separate Them.

In GRENIER CORSETS there is combined the most flattering conceits of fashion with a standard of workmanship that has given GRENIER an envied name in corset-making.

These features bring you a new idea of Grenier Beauty — Comfort — Economy.

1. GRENIER CORSETS are sewn with triple-strength thread.
2. GRENIER CORSETS are zig zag stitched at points for extra resistance to strain.
3. GRENIER CORSETS have seam-guards at hooks and eyes (front laced models) to relieve "pull".
4. GRENIER CORSETS are tailored with an extra layer of high quality striping so that bone supports cannot loosen or break through.

GRENIER

CORSETS

Grenier Creations are featured by better department stores and specialty shops.

his uniform before he starts. Sometimes they must face tragedies. An accident at an artillery camp, a crash at an air training station, burdens the Hostess Houses heavily. It is literally true that on some occasions the Y.W. workers take over arrangements for funerals.

At the turn of the year, thirteen Hostess Houses were in operation at various camps strung across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver Island, and others were being established as new cantonments were opened. Eventually there will be more than forty of them. In most cases they have been built beside the camp barriers, and their construction is similar to that of the camp buildings; but in some cases residences have been leased in near-by towns and made over into Hostess Houses. Each house is in the charge of a salaried manager, but most of the work is done by volunteers drawn from the Y.W.C.A. membership. There are approximately 2,000 of these volunteer workers at this stage, in a ratio of about one hundred volunteers for every two paid staff members. Miss Mabel H. Blackley has charge of the Hostess House work, with headquarters at Toronto.

Welfare work among the servicemen and their families is carried on under the supervision of the Canadian Welfare

Council, of which the energetic Miss Charlotte Whitton, C.B.E., is executive director. The Local Council of Women co-operates with the many women's organizations collected within its own association. All the various groups must have the official endorsement of the Department of Defense.

There is an inspiring amount of enthusiasm, and of willingness to work to the extent of personal sacrifice on behalf of the enlisted men everywhere. Some of the projects have been slow starting, and in some cases aims have been indefinite and results spread rather thin; but the women of Canada have learned a lot in the past twenty years. Their effort in this war is away ahead of the confused, overlapping, often hopelessly inadequate attempts to help out the men of the C.E.F. and their families between 1914 and 1918. Today's problems are infinitely more complex than were the problems of the last great war. They are being tackled with infinitely greater skill.

Pay no attention to sensational stories of evil conditions in and around the camps. In most cases they are not true. In almost every case they reach alarming proportions only because each person who repeats them adds his or her own little bit of florid embroidery. ■



Your Beauty Problems

A DIFFICULT NECK?

MOST WOMEN neglect their neck—and as a result it has become a problem. Wrong posture is shown quickly in the lines of the neck. Lack of proper cleansing and protection tends to darken the skin and bring that "creepy" look too early. Wrong sitting postures push the chin down toward the chest, making an ugly heavy underchin line, even when the contour of the throat is normally firm and youthful. When you sit down, push your body far back into the chair, until the upper part of the body is at right angles with the thighs. The spine should press gently against the back of the chair. When bending forward, bend from the hips—that is what they are for. Keep the upper part of the body erect with the shoulders well back. Always cleanse your throat and neck when you are cleansing your face. Protect it as carefully when you go out. Use a nourishing cream regularly.



Tired Feet make you feel tired all over!



Try
this quick
REFRESHER—
SEE HOW RESTED YOU FEEL!

When feet are tired and aching, you're apt to feel "all worn out." Feeling fagged out? Just splash cool Absorbine Jr. all over those burning, weary feet. Right away it starts stimulating the circulation. The fresh rush of blood speeds through the foot muscles and ligaments. Carries off collected fatigue acids. Soon the swelling goes down—feet feel soothed and refreshed. More, too! Relieving foot pains helps make that "all-in" feeling fade away! You feel alert once more! You'll find Absorbine Jr.

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2. QUICK DRYING 4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists. \$1.25
a bottle. Write W. F.
Young, Lyman Bldg.,
Montreal, Canada, for
free sample.

FAMOUS also
for relieving
Athlete's Foot,
Strains, Bruises

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MOST DURABLE FOR SOLDIERS' SOCKS



69¢
REGENT
SPITFIRE
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A ball knits a pair of socks. Shades: Khaki—Air Force Blue—Navy—Black—Medium Grey. If you cannot obtain from your dealer, send money to The Regent Knitting Mills Limited, Montreal, and wool will be sent to you, postpaid.

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DRESS
ALL WOOL WASHABLE CREPE
A Viyella House Product
54 inches wide. At all leading stores or write
Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto



Why Not Try a "Bag Party"?

By DOROTHY GARNETT SMALLEY

IF YOU had lived in Crocus district last winter, and one day received a small, folded brown paper bag, you would not have destroyed it—oh, no—you would have investigated further, for one could never tell in what form an invitation to a party might come! And sure enough—inside the bag was a hairline picture of a man shooting a gun; and these words:

You are invited
to bag for yourself
a good time
at the Bag Party
at
the George Stewarts'
on
Friday evening, January 20,
at 8.30 o'clock.

The invitations were accepted with alacrity.



"Haircut, madam?" such was the greeting the guests received at the Bag Party, from a slick, immaculately dressed barber. (His white costume was merely a smock borrowed from one of the girls; a white apron would do.) "Bag Barber Shop," "Haircut Free," and such signs, ornamented the table placed near the entrance, and a pole, covered alternately with strips of red and white crepe paper, made the table more realistic. (We used the handle of the washer for the pole!) As every girl entered, a small lock of her hair was cut off—just a very few hairs were enough when anyone was fussy about their hair arrangement! These were mounted, with the names of the respective girls, on a small square of paper, and placed in a box for future use.

After the barbering was done, everybody was given a small brown paper bag containing about twenty beans, and they

went around asking questions which, if answered with the words, "Yes," "No," "Black," or "White," called for a bean from the questioned person. It made lightning thinking necessary.

Question: "What color is the top of the stove?"

Answer: "The same color as my shoes."

At a certain time the beans were counted, and the person having the most won. May I say here that we found it good policy to have a prize for every possible thing, even though it was only a lollipop, for it kept everyone trying to win, and eager for the next game. We told the boys to tuck their beans away in their pockets for future use.

To each person we gave one large-sized brown paper bag, a small-sized one, a strip of colored crepe paper, pins, and we distributed pairs of scissors around the room. Each guest now produced a hat or headdress of some kind, which they wore all evening. At the end of a given length of time our committee judged them and awarded the lollipop! (You'd be surprised at how good they were—every one, from Bonnie's modernistic and charming bonnet, to Donald's railway conductor's cap.)

By the time the guests had shed a lock of their hair, asked fool questions, and worn a weird headdress, they were quite without dignity and ready for anything—which proved to be caricature drawing. Each girl drew her picture on a



small brown paper bag; and these were shuffled. Each boy drew one from the bag and found the girl who was his partner in the next game. We gave high marks to the best caricature. (You'll be

SALLY'S SNOWY WINTER WASHES

... SO WHITE AND SWEET-SMELLING YOU'D THINK THEY HAD BEEN DRIED IN THE MIDSUMMER SUN



NOW...GIVE CLOTHES "JUNE-DAY" SPARKLE ...Even though they're hung inside!

Registered Trade Mark

NOW—say good-bye to dingy, winterwashes! See clothes come so white and sweet-smelling that you'd think they had hung in the summer sun for hours!

High-Test Oxydol accomplishes this safely, in a truly amazing way—without boiling, without scrubbing.

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Earnings Per Week	Savings Per Week	Maturity Values of Annual Purchases
Up to \$20	25¢ to \$1.00	\$ 15 to \$ 65
\$20 to \$30	\$1.25 to \$2.00	\$ 80 to \$130
\$30 to \$40	\$2.25 to \$3.50	\$145 to \$225
Over \$40	\$3.75 to \$9.25	\$245 to \$600

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WAR SAVINGS PLEDGE
MONTH**

FEBRUARY has been set aside as War Savings Pledge Month, when every member of every household in Canada will be asked to pledge a definite, substantial sum every week to aid Canada's great war effort.

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Your family . . . your whole family . . . old and young . . . will want to enrol in this home army, pledged to work and save and LEND to provide war funds so urgently needed.

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ings worker who will ask all members of your household to sign pledge cards. Your caller will give you a window hanger that will identify your home as 100% enrolled for War Savings. And each member of your family will receive a "War Saver" insignia . . . an insignia all will be proud to wear.

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—every month—from your bank account. Your employer or bank manager will arrange for War Savings Certificates to be sent direct to you from Ottawa.

Every Canadian should enrol NOW to send fighting dollars into our defence line.

Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES regularly!

YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING,
DECORATING AND FURNISHING



Charmingly feminine is this corner of the bedroom; very, very new are the white organdy curtains with permataized finish that will wash without losing crispness.



A living room inspired by the practicability of Modern Swedish design. Two colors predominate — bright lime and yellow, used against a soft grey.

How to Bring a *New Personality* To Your Rooms

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

HAVE WAR savings, defense taxes and increased income tax caused you to put off renovating your home? Perhaps the initial outlay may be a stumbling block, but nevertheless, worth-while renovation means increased value of your investment and a build-up for the future. Apart from the economic side, it is most fascinating to survey your home with the idea of giving it a new personality, and nothing is more stimulating than thinking out schemes for making over one or more of the rooms in your home at comparatively little cost.

But there are snags. The use of colors, for instance. Your husband may adore you in purple, but that doesn't mean to say he wants to wake up every morning and see it on the wall.

Often you can make over a room by stripping the walls of wallpaper and painting them, as well as all the wood trim, window and doors, in one color.

Some living and dining rooms have dark-stained wood-beamed ceilings and wainscoting. It is an easy matter to paint this woodwork and give an entirely different atmosphere to the room. The floors can be covered all over with a plain-colored linoleum or broadloom, thus giving a feeling of expanse to the room.

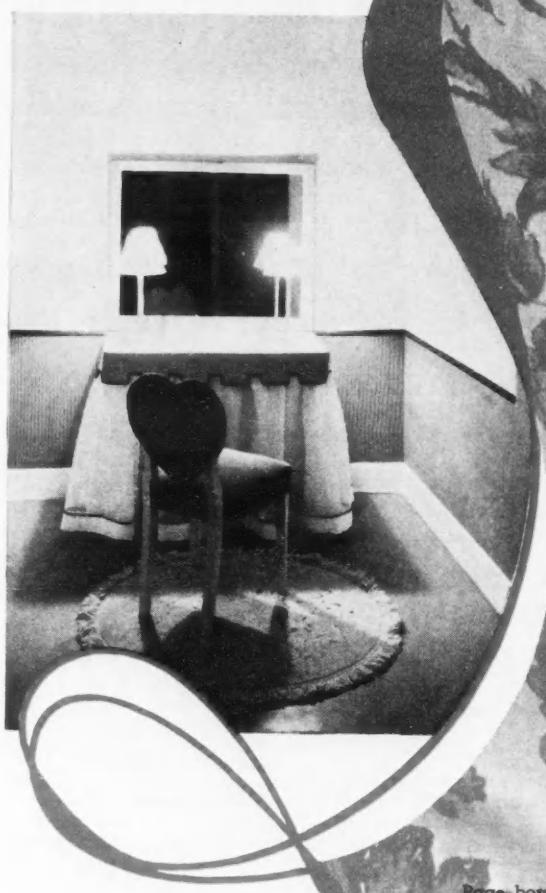
The radiators can be encased with one of the heat-resistant fibre or asbestos boards and dwarf open-shelf bookcases built on either side.

The mantel of the fireplace can be taken out, especially if it is unsightly and outmoded, and replaced with one of the simply designed architectural mantelpieces which you can purchase ready-made.

It may be well to remove the ceiling lighting fixture in the living room and use standard and table lamps to blend in with the color scheme. The new colored door handles and hardware for doors and windows are most intriguing. They help a lot in any color scheme.

The new lustrous-finish washable chintz and heavy cotton fabrics for wall covering and drapes would make over a room to an astounding degree, especially if you were tired of the present color scheme and materials in the room.

One of the most distinguished rooms that has come to my notice recently is a living room with walls and mantel painted chalk white. This color makes a delicate background for the chairs and couches which, for the most part, are ■ ■ ■ Continued on page 56

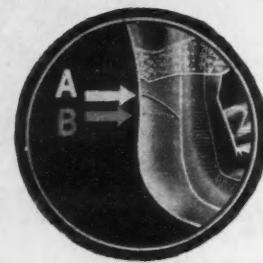


Page border courtesy Sanderson Fabrics.

Candy-cane stripes and heart-shaped chair help to make this red-and-white powder room ultra-smart. (Photographs courtesy Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.)



A FIGURE IS AS GOOD AS ITS FOUNDATION



The answer is yes, of course, especially now, with hips in the limelight in a silhouette that is narrowing down under straightening skirts. Nu-Back gently moulds the figure to the new line, while its patented telescopic back prevents "riding up" and eliminates garter and shoulder strap strain.

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lucky if you don't have to ask the crowd a few times who "this" is!)

With these partners, and pencils, they were now ready for brown paper bags with these questions written on them:

- When butter is worth twenty cents a pound, what will a ton of coal come to?

Answer: Ashes.

- When is the worst weather for rats and mice?

Answer: When it's raining cats and dogs.

- What kind of paper tells you who you are?

Answer: Tissue paper.

- When is a piece of wood like a queen?

Answer: When it's made into a ruler.

- What contains more feet in winter than in summer?

Answer: A rink.

- What soap is the hardest?

Answer: Castile.

Honors went to the couple having the most right.

After this, everyone was sitting down, so we went and numbered them "1, 2, 3," and so on; there were about eight in each group when the "1's" went together, and the "2's," etc. We lined up each lot, one behind the other. At some distance away, heaps of wearing apparel, one for each group, were placed. Now the leaders were handed suitcases. At a given signal, each leader raced to the pile, took an article, placed it in the bag, rushed back and passed the suitcase to the one behind him, who opened it, put the thing on, and dashed for another. (No matter where he wears it, as long as it's on!) The winning group, of course, were the first ones dressed. (This is very hilarious, and when you see Bill with Nellie's glove on his thumb, Nellie buried in big Tom's sweater, and so on, you will scarcely be able to hand around the winning peanuts for laughing! We couldn't!)

Before the party, we took the prize for the next game and wrapped it in very many string-tied wrappers, bags and papers. The guests were seated in a circle. The parcel was passed around while music played, the person having it when the music stopped, taking off one wrapper, till someone finally unearthed the prize, and kept it.

The next was merely a stunt that afforded much merriment to everybody. With a picked couple on hand, we announced that we were going to stage a boxing match. Paper bags were gloves, fastened at the wrists with rubber bands. "Seconds" were chosen for each. Then girl and the boy were blindfolded, but just before they started, we slipped the girl's blindfold off very quietly. (You, too, will have fun watching the boy's chagrin, when the girl hits him every time and he can't even find her!)

When the merriment had subsided and Bob had nursed his bruises, we passed around slips to the boys and girls. On the boys' were written: "Ham," "Needle," "Pork;" on the girls', "Eggs," "Thread," "Beans," and so on. The proper combinations were partners.

Beforehand we had tacked pictures of present-day celebrities around the room.

Have fun! ■

With paper bags and pencils, they went around and picked out which was the latest picture of Joan Bennett or Charlie McCarthy, a prize going to the couple guessing the most. (Don't be afraid to make them a little hard, either, for you will be surprised at how many they get!)

Next we handed out paper bags to everyone, and taking them one at a time, heard how artistically they could blow up and "Bang" their bag, the one we thought the best winning the prize. (This is noisy, but lots of fun!)

We again made groups, to each giving a certain kind of laugh, the laugh of the boss whose wife walks in and finds him with the stenographer on his knee; the laugh of the woman who takes another woman's purse by mistake; the laugh of the man who knocks over a small table in a drawing-room; and so on—think of others, yourself. We chose the best specimens of each section and lined them up for finals! There were more laughs than were called for before the best "laugher" carried off his prize!

Next we divided them into sections of about three—you can do this by just dividing three who are sitting together. To each person we gave a slip of paper with the name of some item that might be broadcast over station B—A—G written on it. (You should have just heard the budding poetry that resulted from this, the speech by Adolf Hitler, The Fashion Notes written by our favorite football enthusiast, or sports' notes by a bookworm!) The groups of three worked on their assignments



together. After supper we chose a droll person for announcer, and broadcast the items. We had rigged up a "mike" by fastening a frying-pan to a broomstick.

For supper partners we auctioned off the locks of hair, the boys paying for them with the beans that were left over from the first game, and to each boy went a paper bag containing lunch, a fortune and other novelties.

And so ended the Bag Party. It was a great success, and the cost was little—we put it on for fifty, but it would be a good deal less work, and even less expense, for fewer guests. Above all things, remember that sure ways of having the kind of party that makes guests enthusiastically thank you, and hint that they'd like to come again, are to keep the crowd mixing, have lots of prizes, and have games that go fast, and, yes—make lots of noise!

Have fun! ■

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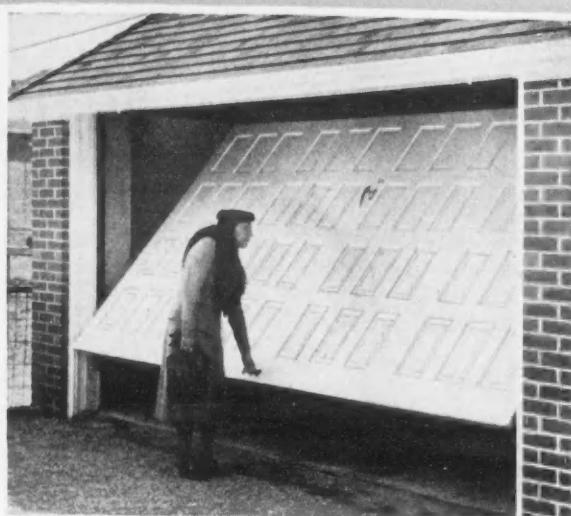
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CONCRETE RUNWAY WITH CURB



(Photograph, courtesy Eastern Steel Products)

GRAVEL DRIVEWAY



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CONCRETE CRUSHED STONE

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CONCRETE RUNWAY

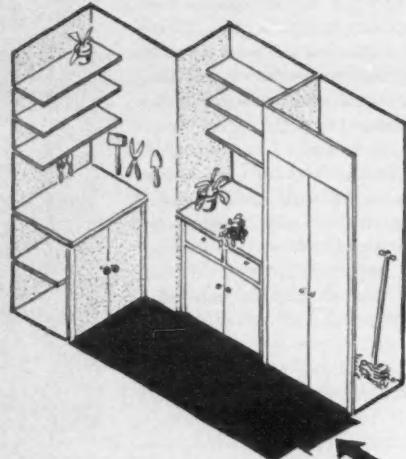


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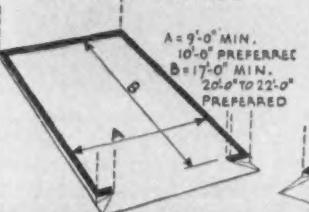
AVERAGE

MIN.

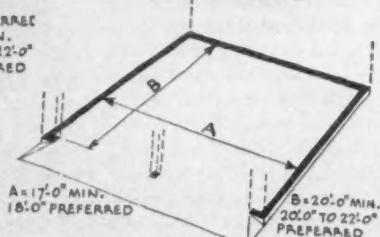
Garden tool house at rear of garage (right), can be fitted by the man of the house.



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Building a New Garage?

By Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C.

WHEN DEALING with the plan of a home and garage, careful consideration should be given to the driveway. A concrete runway with curbs should have a clearance between the curbs of six feet ten inches with the two six-inch curbs making it seven feet ten inches over all. A concrete driveway should have four inches of crushed stone as a base with six inches of concrete; a gravel driveway should have six inches of coarse stone and two inches of fine stone for the finish. For a macadam driveway there should be five inches of crushed stone and three inches of bituminous macadam. If it is necessary to have a curve in the driveway, it should have at least an eighteen-foot radius plus the eleven feet for the driveway. The maximum grade for a driveway should not exceed fifteen per cent. Generally speaking, it should be between twelve per cent and fifteen per cent, and level where manoeuvring of the car is necessary and for the length of the car at front of garage.

The minimum depth for a one-car garage is seventeen feet between walls, but preferably twenty to twenty-two feet. The width between walls should be nine feet, but ten feet is better. For a two-car garage, the depth between walls should be twenty feet minimum, twenty-two feet preferable, and the width seventeen feet minimum, but a foot wider would make it more roomy. By observing these dimensions you would be able to have three feet free space on either side of the car and three feet six inches at the rear.

The minimum height of the door opening should be seven feet, with twelve inches to eighteen inches from the top of the opening to the ceiling.

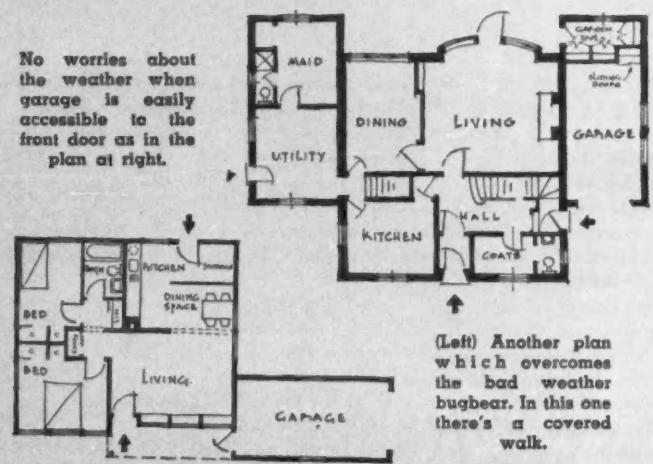
With the modern overhead type of garage door or the tilting type, strain or effort is eliminated. In fact it is possible to open some types of doors by means of an electric switch placed in the garage itself, or in the living room, on the stairs, in the kitchen, or outdoors.

ASPHALT TILE floors are easy to keep clean and are very colorful. All doors and windows should be weather-stripped with bronze and the walls and ceiling insulated, for the well-designed attached garage today has just as much attention given to heat economy as has the house. The best way to heat it is by direct connection to the home heating system. Particularly if this is a radiator system. One small radiator in a well-insulated garage is enough to keep it snugly warm.

There is nothing that pleases the housewife more than a big closet in the garage, such as the one shown on the opposite page.

But coming back to the construction of the garage, don't forget a grease trap in the floor to catch the oil and grease drips. You could also provide a drip pan underneath the car by a sinking in the floor. No well-designed garage these days is without a faucet connection for general utility purposes including giving the car a wash periodically. To overcome the inconvenience of inclement weather, plan the garage with either direct entrance or an enclosed passageway from the house.

For a comparatively moderate expenditure you can line the walls and ceiling with fibreboard, or one of the asbestos or gypsum finishes that will provide some insulation as well as interior wall and ceiling finish. The closet and lockers can be built of the same material and painted with washable paint. ■





Living room of modern apartment which introduces copper foil walls, vitrolite fireplace facings and furniture in natural oak and chrome.

The House Clinic

Queries should be addressed to Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



Question—We have just had our kitchen done over. Now, I want to know how to paint or varnish and decorate it. It is a lean-to, built on the north side of the house. The walls are finished with plaster board, and we have built-in cupboards.

Kindly advise me if it's better to varnish cupboards, baseboard, door and windows, or paint them? The stove we have is ivory trimmed in black and the chairs ivory. What color curtains would look best? Also, would a little table and clock shelf, painted orange with black trim, be suitable? If not, what color would you advise?



Maple writing table and stool, with comfortable chair, is ideal for girl's bedroom. (Imperial Rattan Co. Ltd.)

Question—We are thinking of buying and remodelling an old red brick house which is nearly fifty years old. To do this, we would have to add a garage, make alterations to the front entrance, remodel the bathroom and kitchen. Could you give us a frank opinion as to whether a new house would, in the end, be a more economical investment, even though the initial price would be several thousand dollars more?

We like the location of the old house and its general layout, but are worried if the cost of repairs would make it a poor buy.

If we buy this house, we would want to freshen up the old red bricks, and should like to know if this can be done by painting, without giving that obviously painted look, which sometimes ruins the appearance of painted brick.

What is the cost of a square foot of stone facing? We had thought of placing this around a new front entrance. Would its newness be in too startling contrast to the brick? The bathroom walls are now painted tin. What would be the best way to remodel this room?

Answer—If you like the location of the old house, and it meets with your requirements, I would strongly advise you to invest in its purchase. Do not worry about painting the red brick; it is often done with excellent results. For instance, the brick work of the Grace Dart Hospital on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, has been painted and, I consider, with good effect.

Do not entertain the idea of having a stone entrance, but rather of brick, and paint it in with the main front of the house.

The bathroom walls can be finished with flexboard or muroleum, which can be obtained locally. The effect of either would be excellent and, incidentally, you could get it in any color. To help you in your problem, I am sending a brochure which will give you ideas for the remodelling scheme you have in mind. ■

IN THIS YEAR OF ECONOMY

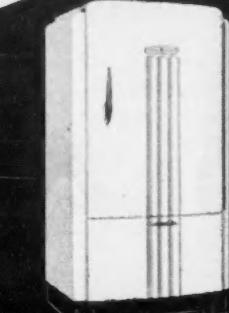


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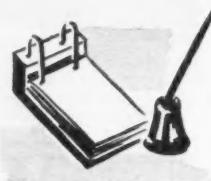
Remember when ski clothes were thick and bulky? No warmer than the streamlined clothes of today. Don't buy *insulation* on thickness and bulk alone either! Ten/Test rigid fibre board is the most practical form of home insulation yet devised. Millions of tiny dead air cells act as a lasting barrier against heat and cold. Thickness alone won't do that!

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An attractive "corner" in maple.
(Imperial Ration Co. Ltd.)

POINTERS . . . for the Home

off even if left for a minute. Never hold a telephone in one hand and operate a pull chain switch with the other. Keep extension cords away from radiators and heating pipes. Avoid using electric appliances close to water sources like the kitchen sink or bathroom lavatory or taps. Locate the bathroom light switch so that you can't use it while you are in the tub or have one hand on the faucet. Never pull the cord instead of the plug when disconnecting an electric appliance.

☆☆

A new door knocker is now available fitted with an inconspicuous window of one-way glass, so that the housewife can see who is at the door, but the one outside cannot see in.

☆☆

To get a good finish on a worn black handbag which is made of pure leather, use shoe dye, or a good quality enamel applied as it comes in the can and with no undercoat. The leather should first be cleaned by washing with saddle soap,

☆☆

If you want to redecorate a room which has a rug of rust color, why not try soft green and beige for the color scheme?

☆☆

If tired of the bench in front of your draped dressing table, use period type chairs such as lyre backs, ribbon backs, etc.

☆☆

If your living room is low ceilinged, vertical lines are required. It is easy to create an illusion of height with stripes. The drapery fabrics should also be striped, and the curtains should hang from the ceiling all the way to the floor in long full lines. Don't loop them back, as that would break the line you need.

☆☆

Suitable coverings for Georgian claw and ball wing chairs are striped rayons; with a Chippendale wing chair use mohair and cotton frieze; for a channel-back lounge, rich pile velvet is suitable; and in the case of a button-back lady's chair, floral brocatelles are hard to beat.

☆☆

Some people have trouble when applying calcimine to the walls in their homes. This can be overcome by using a glue size beneath the calcimine. Varnish size is also used, and frequently with excellent results. The varnish should be cut with fifty per cent of benzine; this preparation enters into the plaster, and there is no slippery gloss which would tend to make the calcimine crawl.

☆☆

Here are some good outside color combinations for the home. Cream body, tan trim, brown roof (stain) with light brown shutters. White body, white trim, yellowish red roof (stain) and blue-green shutters. Light grey body, darker grey for trim, terra cotta red stain for roof and terra cotta red shutters. Dark brown body, white trim, brown roof (stain) and white shutters.

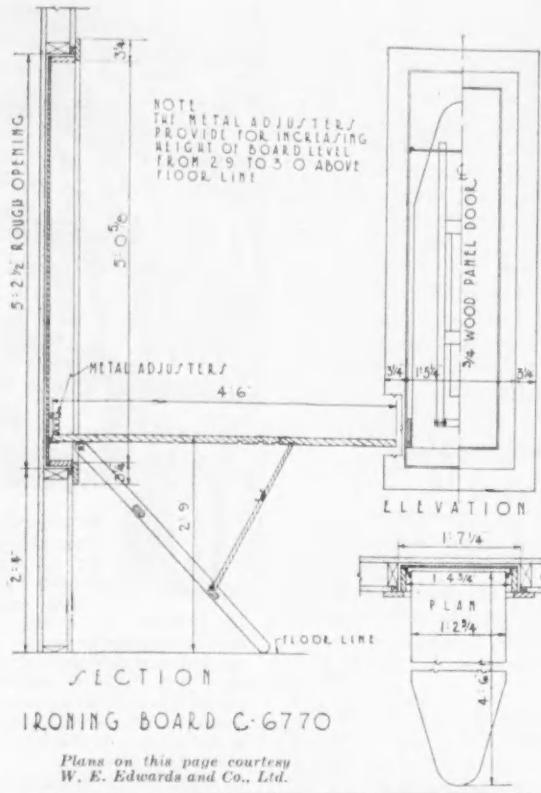
☆☆

To avoid shocks, burns and perhaps fatalities, great care should be taken in use and application of electrical appliances. Electric irons should be turned



Telephone cabinets are a convenience. (W. C. Edwards and Co. Ltd.)

To obtain a novel touch of color in your living room or bedroom where you have bookshelves, cover the books with solid color paper wrappers harmonizing with the colors of the upholstery fabrics, and paste on title labels. It may be a tedious job, but the result will prove worth the trouble. ■



IRONING BOARD C-6770

Plans on this page courtesy
W. E. Edwards and Co., Ltd.

Here are specifications for a built-in ironing board.

Prefabricated Units

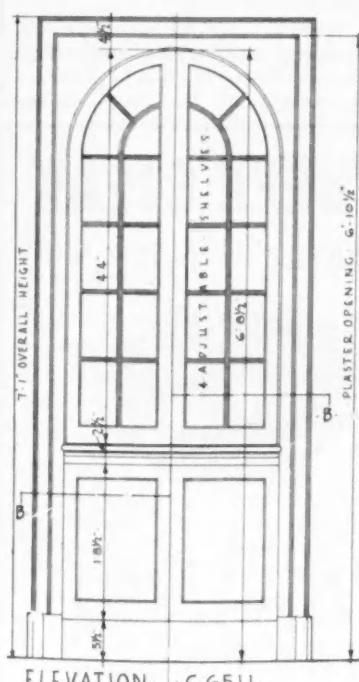
INCIDENTAL TO the spring clean-up is the simple alteration of interiors by adding new and better woodwork: better stairways, mantel, doors, subbase and good cornices. Not so long ago dealers found that poorly designed trim did not sell except to speculative

builders of the cheaper type, and several of the more progressive mills engaged architects to design their lines.

The newer lines cover practically every combination of exterior entrances in Colonial manner, including Georgian, and also those of Classical and Regency design. There are many mantels covering the same periods in both painted and natural wood.

One of the fascinations of home ownership is the opportunity it gives to add through the years new comforts and conveniences. The subject of closets is one that merits the study of a home owner. For the newly married couple, the problem is usually unimportant, but as the time passes and possessions accumulate, the question of where to put them is constantly before the house.

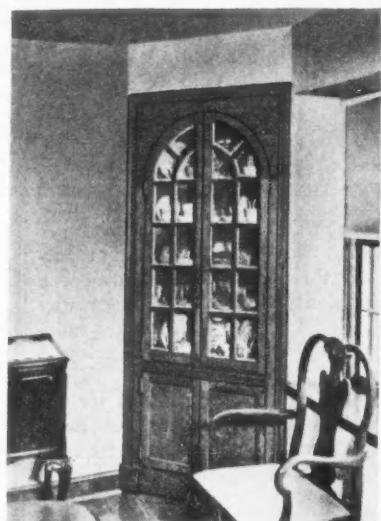
Many readers ask me if ready-made corner cabinets can be purchased, window shutters, telephone cabinets,



ELEVATION C-6511



SECTIONAL PLAN B-B



This corner cupboard is both ornamental and useful.

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treasure
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SILVO Liquid Polish is so gentle with the lovely surface of cherished silver! Coaxing away every trace of dimness and tarnish, it renewes that shimmering lustre that is its real charm.

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In the printed word is all the accumulated wisdom of the ages. It is the medium by which the world's affairs — man's charts of progress — are recorded. It is at once a source of pleasure and knowledge.

By the printed word we exchange, circulate, improve and develop our thoughts and ideas, without which man's progress would cease to exist.

A new booklet just off the press, entitled "WORDS ARE EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," tells the story and describes the growth and development of The MacLean Publishing Company from a small beginning to an organization giving employment to 950 men and women and publishing 28 magazines and business newspapers in Canada, Great Britain and U. S. A. This business has been successful by helping other people to prosper through the dissemination of the printed word.

WOULD YOU LIKE A COPY OF THIS BOOKLET?

We have a limited number of copies of it and would be glad to send one to you — postpaid and without charge — if you will drop a card with your name and address to CHATELAINE, Dept. CH, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

New Personality

Continued from page 51

covered in blue fabric slightly paler than robin's-egg color. Some of the chairs are covered in white fabric.

Many dining rooms have what are generally known as piano windows over the buffet. If you wish to change such an arrangement, block them up and fix a mirror of the same width as the buffet extending up to the ceiling cornice. Paint all the woodwork in the room the same color as the walls, and the ceiling a few shades lighter.

THE KITCHEN can be made over with a new linoleum floor covering and the baseboard covered with the same material, the top being finished with a small molding. The cabinets and cupboards, if painted the same color as the wall, give an impression of spaciousness. While looking over the kitchen, give serious consideration to a new sink and fresh counter tops covered with linoleum. Wood or glass shelves can be fitted in the window recess for plants or pottery.

Fresh green tone and tropic green trim gives a charming note to a kitchen. The needed accent of color can be provided by a warm brown facing for both sides of the window recess and the floor covered with a deep ocean-blue linoleum. Or paint the cabinet white, walls yellow, ceiling blue, and cover the floor with black linoleum.

In a bedroom, built-in dwarf cabinets, one on either side of the bed extending to the wall and painted the same color, will add to the room's appearance. The radiators can be cased in the same way as suggested for the living and dining room. Dispense with the ceiling lighting fixture and install fixtures so that you can have light just where you want it, when you want it.

Why not fix a full-length mirror on one of the doors? It can be placed inside, or on the outside of the clothes closet door.

Painted walls and woodwork in one color, with a floor covering of darker hue, will often make that different effect you are after.

In a bedroom that I saw quite recently, the walls were natural colored, the woodwork painted grey, the paint having been quickly wiped off, leaving but a base of itself. Lavender-colored curtains and rag rugs, spool beds with lavender spreads, and a chest or two completed the room. Another bedroom where light wood is used, had wallpaper in pink and periwinkle blue on a grey-blue background, blue rug, and the curtains a soft dusty pink with brown stripe.

MANY OF our readers have sons and daughters going through high school or university and in consequence require a room in which the people can study. The colors for such a room should be soft and receding, such as dull olive green walls which are both restful and pleasant. A rug and a couch can be covered with dark brown and the curtains made of modern plain crash in beige, brown and white. A Venetian blind could regulate the natural light.

There seems to be a doubt in many of our readers' minds as to whether family heirloom furniture can be used with success in present-day surroundings. Unquestionably it can. Take, for

■ Continued on page 58



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HOUSEKEEPING

A Department of Home Management

Conducted by Helen G. Campbell

Frozen Assets

How a new method of food preservation has banished the "out" from "out-of-season"

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

OME FOLKS wonder why we're not all frozen stiff in this northern country, when they hear about our long winters and read what our thermometers sometimes have to say. But we like it here just the same, though we do admit that a short season for many of our choicest products presents a bit of a problem. Or it did until we found a few ways of getting around it.

The latest method of keeping the inhabitants healthy and happy applies a new principle to the preservation of home-grown fruits and vegetables. It puts cold weather to work.

Now, as there isn't any of that around on a summer's day, it sets up machinery to make its own and provides a climate which goes even winter's worst one better. Speed, you see, is the watchword of the fast-freezing process, for that elusive flavor, fragrance and freshness of garden products must be imprisoned at the peak of their perfection. As soon as they've reached their full ripeness they are picked and hurried to near-by plants, washed, trimmed, tucked snugly away in protective cartons and frozen in all their youth and beauty.

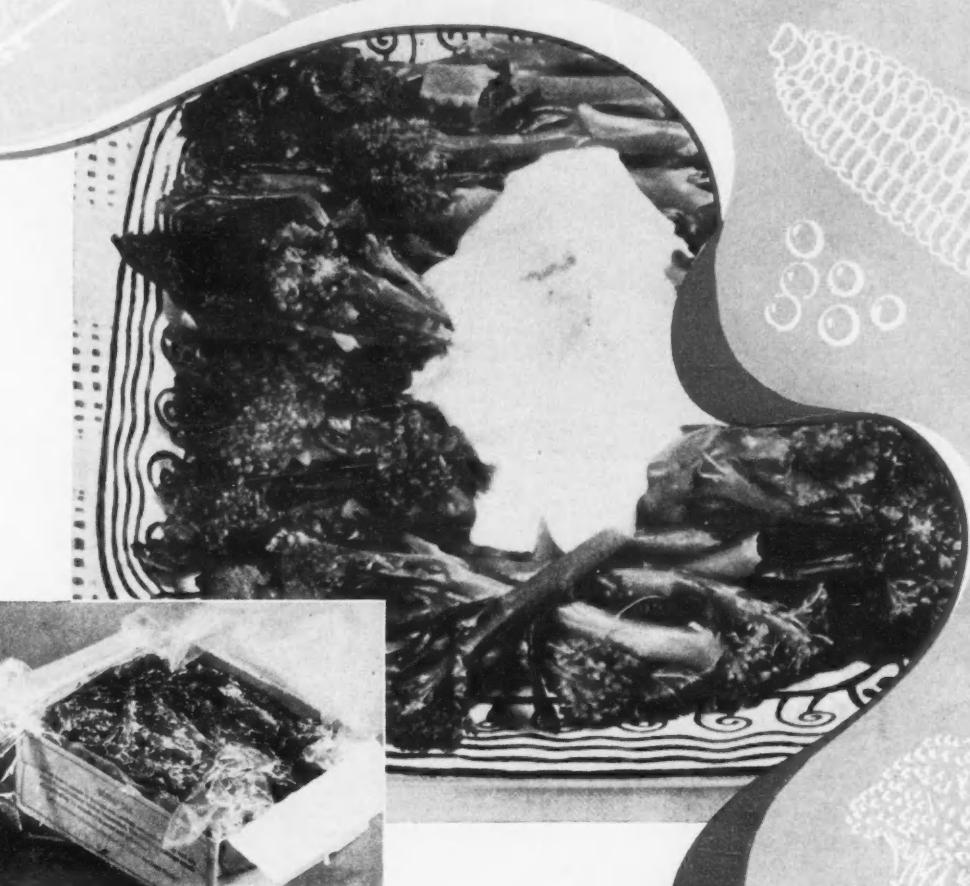
And so we find them months later, their faces shining, their figures neat, and their food value unimpaired, ready to serve their purpose as purveyors of minerals and vitamins in most delicious form. Here in refrigerated cases at grocery stores are shelled peas, plump and green and tender. Here are golden kernels of corn—on the cob or off it. There are string beans—without the string, and spinach sans sand. And broccoli, asparagus, cauliflower, lima beans and squash, each with its own distinctive shape, color and character.

Let's look at the fruit—raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, peaches, rhubarb—to inspire the menu maker and bring a meal to a romantic ending. Think of sitting down to fresh raspberry cream pie while March winds howl. Or eating peaches and cream, or ice cream smothered with plump blue blueberries. Or tasting ripe red strawberries wakened out of their beauty sleep to make a shortcake season long.

Fish born and reared in Canadian waters now leave home stiff with cold and stylishly dressed in Cellophane. They're already cleaned and prepared for pan or oven, eliminating the last objection to the serving of this good food.

So the "out" is banished from "out-of-season," and menus are enriched by the fresh-frozen products which are just now making their bow to our tables.

THESE newcomers to Canadian food markets help to solve the problem of waste by giving durable form to the most delicate perish- ■ *Continued on page 61*



From the package to the pot—it's as easy as that with fresh-frozen foods. Here's a tempting bowl of broccoli, and (below) beans and corn combine to form appetizing succotash.





"Feel it! Bon Ami isn't gritty ...but how it does clean!"

"Such a fine, white cleanser" . . . that's the first thing a woman says when she *feels* Bon Ami.

"So quick, so thorough" . . . is what she says after *using* it. Bon Ami has shown thousands of women that a quick-acting cleanser doesn't have to be harsh! For instead of scratching the surface of bathtubs and kitchen sinks, as coarse, gritty cleansers often do, Bon Ami actually *polishes* as it whisks the dirt away . . . helps keep your porcelain glistening and looking like new.

Try Bon Ami. See how nice it is to use a cleanser that is both speedy and safe!

Bon Ami
keeps sinks bright
and easy to clean..



MADE IN CANADA

ironing board fitments and windows without old-fashioned weight and cord. Windows that shut out dirt and dust and beating rain, windows that make drapes, curtains, furniture and rugs stay clean longer. The answer is "Yes!"

In fact there are a hundred and one things being prefabricated for the home, and three of them are illustrated. All that is necessary if you wish such fitments, is to furnish the manufacturer with the sizes required and the rest can be left in his hands, because well-seasoned pine, good workmanship and the best hardware are incorporated in the various units. ■

A New Personality

Continued from page 56

instance, the small walnut nursing chairs which our mothers used. If these are reconditioned with new cane seats, and painted, nothing could be more attractive in a living room. Old rocking chairs reconditioned always give an interest to a room.

New chintz, crash or rayon covers on chairs and chesterfields, to blend with the new color scheme, add tremendously to the atmosphere of any room.

With the advent of the new Swedish furniture which is greatly influencing design, it will be possible to use pieces bought primarily for the bedroom, in the living room, dining room and den. This interchangeability is not practiced so much as it should be, so why not try it out with some of yours? The chances are that if some of the pieces were repainted, good results could be obtained.

IF YOU are going to paint the exterior of your house, remember, if a drenching rain interrupts the work, be sure to allow sufficient time for drying before the painting is resumed. If moisture is sealed into a structure with a new coating of paint, you may be sure it will come through to the surface, and the result may be blistering, peeling and scaling of the paint film.

There are many factors to be considered in the use of color for exterior house decoration. Design plays an important part. Location, setting and background must be considered and the material of which the house is constructed, its type and style, its situation with relation to its neighbors.

Formal types of homes are much less adaptable to a wide variety of colors than are less formal houses. If your house is a small one, and you want to make it look larger, don't use cool shades. It is the light colors, especially against a darker background, which seem to increase the size of a building—much as a light suit makes a fat man look bigger.

Warm colors—the reds, purples, oranges and combinations of them—are advance colors. They make things look closer, larger and hence more important. There are certain types of homes which are too high in proportion to their foundation to achieve a pleasing effect. That is no reason why they should remain blots on the landscape, for proper exterior color will go a long way to correct the fault. Those designers who are responsible for the beautiful lines of your dresses, do it every day with cloth. You do it by using a strong contrasting color for shutters and window trim to weld them into a single horizontal panel, or you get a horizontal effect by painting the upper story a contrasting and complementary color.



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Dr. Jackson's Kofy Sub. This delicious alkaline beverage contains no coffee or caffeine yet has a rich satisfying coffee flavour. It's produced from cereal grains and soya beans—a source of energy as well as enjoyment. Make it in the same easy way as coffee and drink it freely. It can do you nothing but good.

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You can enjoy beefy
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RICH BEEF GOODNESS

Recipe for—
**OLD TIME
VEGETABLE
SOUP**

For the stock, cover with cold water the bones removed from a rolled roast (beef, veal, lamb or pork), or the bones from a cooked roast, or a 10-cent beef soup bone; add left-over gravy, 1 cup celery leaves, 1 onion and 1 carrot. Simmer 4 to 5 hours or overnight. Strain and cool. Remove fat from top. (Fat may be used for frying.)

Dice 1 cup potatoes, 1 cup carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or drippings in soup kettle; add 2 tablespoons minced parsley, the diced vegetables and 3 tablespoons rice or barley. Cook over gentle heat, covered, for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the soup stock, 2 cups sieved tomatoes, salt to taste. Simmer for 30 minutes, covered. Add 1 teaspoon Lea & Perrins Sauce, simmer for 25 minutes longer. Serve with cheese croutons. Delicious!

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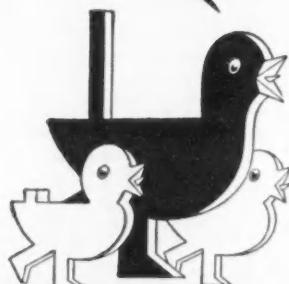
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Frozen Assets

Continued from page 59

ables, by providing a carry-over from the fat months to the lean, by reducing bulk and therefore the cost of transportation, and of keeping prices more or less level throughout the year.

The Canadian farmer and fisherman get a break when home-grown produce serves home appetites. And house-keeping dollars kept in the country contribute to winning the war we have on our hands—there's something to think about when you shop for food. Don't get the notion, though, that fast-frozen asparagus or broccoli or peas or what-have-you are not as fresh as imported products. They're fresher in fact, for the taste and nutritive qualities are sealed in beyond escaping, a few hours after they leave their garden home. If you don't believe me—well try them and prove it for yourself.

These modern forms of freshness are available at no higher cost than their imported relations, counting weight for weight, not of what you carry home but of what you eat. Furthermore, as all the preliminary preparation has been done for you, they save your time, energy and patience, and that's worth something in these busy days. Especially if you go to business or do a lot of war work, as well as housekeep.

You don't have to learn new cooking methods either, for you simply treat them as the fresh foods they are. Even defrosting isn't always necessary; fish can go directly to the pan and most vegetables directly to the pot. The package tells you what you need to know about times of cooking required, and how long it takes to soften up fruit, at room temperature or in the refrigerator.

Shopping is simplified too, for you ask for your favorite brand and know exactly what you're getting in quantity and quality. Buy ahead of time if you like; you can store them in the freezing compartment of your automatic refrigerator.

Canadian assets, frozen until they're needed, bring summer offerings to your menus all the year-round. Here is a mouth-watering, lip-smacking meal you can have on the table in next to no time.

Salmon or Halibut Steak
Succotash Broccoli
Raspberry Cream Pie

Succotash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Package (12 oz.) of fast-frozen lima beans.
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of rich milk or cream.
- 1 Package (12 oz.) of fast-frozen golden bantam corn.
- 2½ Tablespoonfuls of butter.
- Salt. Pepper.

Prepare the lima beans according to the directions on the package. Heat the milk in the top part of a double boiler, add the frozen corn and cook over boiling water for fifteen minutes, or until tender. Combine with the beans, butter, salt and pepper. Serve at once. Six servings.

Hollandaise Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Egg yolks
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of cayenne
- ½ Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice

■ Continued on page 63



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like yours**



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★★★
Chop Platter
(no recipe)

Rolled shoulder lamb chops combined with cauliflower and bacon-wrapped cooked carrot sticks.

Bran stacks — a novel and scrumptious dessert.



FOUR-STAR RECIPES

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

*** * Bran Stacks

Because of its simplicity, its fine nutty flavor and the touch of novelty in its getup.

*** * Veal Curry

Because it uses left-over meat and is an inexpensive but not-too-usual dish.

*** * Salmon And Sausage

Because of the unusual combination and delicious result. And because it's one good answer to the supper dish problem.

*** * Cheese Wheel Casserole

Because it's an old familiar—Creamed Ham—dressed up in a new way. Because it looks so smart and tastes so good.

Veal Curry

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Medium-sized onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1 Tablespoonful of curry powder
- 2 Cupfuls of tomato juice
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- Chutney or chili sauce to taste, if desired
- 1 Pound (approx.) of left-over veal
- 2 Cupfuls of dry freshly cooked rice

Chop the onion finely and cook in the tablespoonful of melted butter. Into the two tablespoonfuls of melted butter stir the flour and curry powder. Blend thoroughly and then add gradually the tomato juice which has been heated to

the boiling point, stirring until thick and smooth. Add the cooked chopped onion, the lemon juice and chutney or chili sauce. Cut the left-over veal in small cubes and reheat in this sauce. Arrange on a platter with a border of the rice. Six to eight servings.

Baked Salmon With Sausage

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/4 Pound of sausage
 - 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
 - 1 1/2 Cupfuls of liquid (liquid from salmon and enough milk to make up the cup)
 - 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
 - 1/8 Teaspoonful of paprika
 - 1 Teaspoonful of chopped parsley
 - 2 Eggs, well beaten
 - 1 Can of salmon flaked, approximately 2 cupfuls
 - Juice of a lemon
 - 1/2 Cupful of buttered crumbs
- Cut up the sausage and fry until

Bran Stacks

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/4 Cupful of all-bran
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Cupful of shortening
- Cold water (approximately four tablespoonfuls)

Roll the all-bran until fine, then combine with the sifted flour and salt. Cut in the shortening. Add the water gradually and carefully until the dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll on a floured board

brown. Remove the meat and save to add later. Add the flour to the fat in the pan and mix until well blended. Add the liquid gradually, stirring until smooth and thick. Add the seasonings, then pour the mixture over the well-beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Put the flaked salmon in the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle with the lemon juice and cover with the sausage meat. Pour the sauce over all and cover the top with the buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about forty-five minutes. Four to six servings.

Cheese Wheel Casserole

- 1/4 Pound of cheese
- 1 Tablespoonful of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of pimiento, chopped
- 12 Stalks of canned asparagus, diced
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of onion, chopped
- 1 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

to about one eighth of an inch thickness. Cut into circles or squares with a large cookie cutter. Prick and bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for about ten minutes, or until a delicate brown. Cool. Put circles together with apple butter between, making a stack of three for each serving. Top with cream cheese softened with lemon juice. Serve at once. Four servings three and a half inches in diameter.

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of cooked ham, diced

Grate the cheese, add one tablespoonful of milk and mix well. Beat until smooth and then add the pimiento. Cut three thick slices of white bread, lengthwise of the loaf, remove the crusts and spread with the cheese mixture. Roll up like a jelly roll, wrap in a damp towel and let stand until the creamed mixture is ready. Drain the asparagus and boil down the liquid to one-half cupful. Cook the onion in the butter over low heat, stirring occasionally. Place over hot water, add the flour and stir until well blended. Add the one cupful of milk gradually and stir constantly until smooth and thickened. Add the asparagus liquid, ham and asparagus. Reheat and pour into a buttered baking dish. Slice the cheese roll and arrange the pinwheel slices on top of the mixture. Brown under the broiler and serve at once. Six servings.

FOR SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER!



MRS. KNOX'S SEA FOOD SALAD
(Serves 6; uses $\frac{1}{4}$ package)
1 envelope Knox Gelatine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup salmon, flaked (or tuna fish or shrimp)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup celery, cut in small pieces
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water 1 tablespoonful lemon juice or mild vinegar $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cucumber, cut in small pieces
1 teaspoonful salt paprika
Softened gelatine in cold water. Add hot water and stir until dissolved. Add salt, lemon juice, paprika. Cool. When mixture begins to congeal, add salmon (or tuna fish or shrimp), celery, cucumber. Mix thoroughly, pour into mold rinsed in cold water. Chill and serve on lettuce. This salad needs no further enhancing...but you may garnish with mayonnaise.

NOTE: Don't confuse Knox Gelatine with factory-flavoured gelatine dessert powders which are about 85% sugar. Be sure to use pure Knox Gelatine.

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Frozen Assets

Continued from page 61

Cream the butter thoroughly and combine well with the beaten egg yolks. Add the salt and cayenne and gradually add the boiling water, stirring constantly during the addition. Cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and serve at once with broccoli, or other vegetables, or with fish.

Raspberry Cream Pie
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Cupfuls of milk
3 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
3 Eggs, beaten
3 Teaspoonfuls of true vanilla
Prepared pie shell

Heat the milk. Put the cornstarch, sugar and salt in the top part of a double boiler, mix thoroughly and stir in the hot milk gradually. Cook, stirring constantly until thick. Continue to cook over hot water for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Add part of the hot mixture to the eggs, and blend thoroughly, then return to the double boiler and cook for a few minutes longer. Cool slightly. Pour into the prepared pie shell, cover with a layer of whipped cream or ice cream and top generously with defrosted fresh-frozen raspberries.

Crumb Pie Shell

6 Cupfuls of corn flakes
 $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of butter, melted

Roll or grind the corn flakes to make one and one half cupfuls of fine crumbs. Add the sugar and melted butter and mix thoroughly. Press the mixture firmly and evenly over the sides and bottom of a nine-inch pie plate. Chill. ■



Tricks to Try

Add a bouillon cube to that pan of gravy if it's just too pale when it should be a nice brown, and bland when it should have a rich flavor. Peps it up no end and costs you nothing—or next-to-nothing.

Bang goes another glass! Don't risk cutting your fingers, but pick up the pieces with a wet cloth; even the tiny slivers will stick to it.

Save wear on your electric iron cord by connecting and disconnecting at the wall plug instead of at the iron.

Do you know that adding hot milk when mashing potatoes will give you a lighter, fluffier product in record time?

Try adding a can of condensed cream of mushroom soup in place of part of the milk when making scalloped potatoes. Swell!

Borrow your husband's flashlight when you start mending his socks. It makes a dandy darnng ball, and if turned on, the light will show through and make the job easier on your eyes.

Doesn't it make you mad when custard cups tip over in the oven! Try setting them in muffin tins — to keep them steady and keep your disposition sweet.

• Make the "First Cup" Test



*You'll say this fine Coffee
is a
Taste-Thrilling Treat*

WHEN you're still "only half awake" in the morning and not feeling too optimistic . . . that's when coffee gets its test!

Richer, tangier Chase & Sanborn Coffee, you'll find, was just made for this "zero hour"!

It brings you a wealth of gloriously teasing aroma and pungent, delectable flavour that puts the sun high up in your sky and sends you out to start even the toughest day with a smile!

Be sure to ask your grocer tomorrow for delicious, marvelously bracing Chase & Sanborn Coffee.

Drip Grind gives a finer brew for drip pot or glass coffee maker. For a percolator, ask for the delicious Regular Grind. Both kept roaster-fresh in the vacuum tin.

ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA

IN POUND AND
HALF-POUND
VACUUM TINS
DRIP OR REGULAR GRINDS



Meals of the Month for March

	BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER		BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER	
1	Stewed Fruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Baked Onions with Honey Crisp Bacon Sliced Fresh Peaches (use fast-frozen fruit) Hot Tea Biscuits Tea Cocoa	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Diced Beets Coffee Marshmallow Cream Cookies Apple-Ginger Punch Tea	DINNER	Cereal with Stewed Fruit Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Casserole of Ham and Spaghetti Head Lettuce with Dressing Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Dumplings Fried Parsnips Brown Betty Hard Sauce Coffee Tea			
2 (Sunday)	Tomato Juice Grilled Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Honey Tea	Cheese Soup Whole Wheat Bread Apple and Pineapple Salad Wafers Tea Cocoa	Fruit Cup Roast Duck with Dressing Steamed Rice Scalloped Tomatoes Ice Cream Tea Cocoa	Roast Duck with Dressing Steamed Rice Scalloped Tomatoes Ice Cream Tea Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Toast Tea	Stewed Prunes Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Tea	Onion Soup Crackers Assorted Cheese Fresh Coffee Cake Honey Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Carrots Rice Pudding Tea			
3	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions (Use left-over rice and duck) Buttered Brown Toast Vanilla Rennet Custard with Toasted Cocoanut Cake (left-over) Tea Cocoa	Grilled Minute Steak Mashed Potatoes Carrots Raisin Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Tea Cocoa	Apple Juice Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Corn with Mushroom Soup Bran Muffins Canned Pineapple Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Corn with Mushroom Soup Bran Muffins Canned Pineapple Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Creamed Lobster in Rice Ring Peas Prune Whip Custard Sauce Tea				
4	Canned Pears Bread and Milk Bacon Coffee	Corn Muffins Tea	Sliced Cold Tongue (may be canned) Hot Potato Salad Mixed Pickles Stewed Prunes with Lemon Cup Cakes (from Monday) Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Brown Gravy Boiled Potatoes Turnips Apple Dumplings Tea Punch	Tomato Juice Cereal Turnips Apple Dumplings Tea Punch	Tomato Juice Cereal Jam Tea	Kidneys and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Pears in Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Consonné Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Diced Beets Blanmange String Beans Fruit Sauce Tea				
5	Chilled Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Tea	Lobster Chowder Crisp Biscuits Lettuce and Cottage Cheese Salad Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Salmon Cutlets Tomato Soup Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage Lemon Spanish Cream Tea Tea	Stewed Fruit Scrambled Eggs Tea Jelly Tea	Stewed Fruit Scrambled Eggs Tea Jelly Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Fruit Jelly Whip with Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Steamed Codfish Parsley Sauce Baked Potatoes Cole Slaw Deep Apple Crisp Tea				
6	Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toasted Biscuits Marmalade Coffee	Tea	Grilled Small Sausages Creamed Potatoes Chili Sauce Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Baked Potatoes Canned Green Beans Cocoanut Bread Pudding Tea Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Fish Cakes Catsup Lettuce and Celery Salad Apple Sauce Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Baked Chocolate Custard Tea				
7	Apple Sauce Cereal French Roast Syrup Coffee	Tea	Spinach with Poached Eggs Brown Toast Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish with Dressing Parsley Potatoes Peas Gingerbread Hard Sauce Tea Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Club Sandwiches Dill Pickles Angel Cake Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Roast or Stewed Chicken Mashed Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Ice Cream Cookies Tea				
8	Tomato Juice Fish Cakes Toast Coffee	Jelly Tea	Vegetable Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Jellied Apple Sauce Gingerbread (left-over) Tea Cocoa	Pork Tenderloin Potato Soufflé Harvard Beets Chocolate Pie Tea Tea	Grape Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Grape Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Chicken Shortcake Lettuce and Sliced Tomatoes Baked Peaches with Cocoanut Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Meat Pie Diced Carrots Spinach Grape Juice Tapioca Tea				
9 (Sunday)	Stewed Apricots Cereal Bacon Omelet Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Mixed Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Cheese Biscuits Caramel Cake Boiled Icing Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Roast of Lamb Mint Jelly Turnips Creamed Potatoes Fresh Strawberry Cake (fast-frozen fruit) Tea Tea	Cereal with Raisins Soft-cooked Eggs Tea Tea	Cold Ham Horse-radish Molds Potato Salad Celery Rennet Custard with Sliced Bananas Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Turnips Coffee or Lemon Rice Cream Ginger Ale Tea					
10	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Macaroni Ring with Curried Lamb Hard Brown Rolls Ice Cream Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Onions Banana Shortcake Tea Tea	Apple Juice Milk Toast Corn Muffins Tea Tea	Apple Juice Milk Toast Corn Muffins Tea Tea	Baked Macaroni and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Fillets of Haddock (cooked in milk) French Fried Potatoes Green Peas Pineapple Bavarian Tea				
11	Cereal with Raisins Bran Muffins Coffee	Honey Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Mustard Pickles Potato Cakes Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Hot Cabbage Slaw Steamed Fruit Pudding Foamy Sauce Tea Tea	Stewed Apricots Cereal Bacon Tea Tea	Stewed Apricots Cereal Bacon Tea Tea	Creamed Haddock and Hard-cooked Egg on Toast Baked Apples with Marshmallows Tea Cocoa	Consonné Cold Sliced Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Scalloped Corn Cottage Pudding Cherry Sauce Tea				
12	Tomato Juice Cereal Fried Eggs Coffee	Toast Tea	Salmon and Potato Pie Vegetable Salad Small Cakes Ginger Ale Tea	Vegetable Plate (Baked Stuffed Potatoes, Green Beans, Creamed Carrots, Corn Fritters) Chocolate Pudding Tea Tea	Apple Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Apple Juice Cereal Tea Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Molded Vegetable Salad Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Lima Beans Jellied Apple Sauce Whipped Cream Tea				
13	Grapefruit Juice Milk Toast Plain Muffins Coffee	Jam Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna Relish Lyonnaise Potatoes Cabbage Salad Canned Fast-frozen Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Dressed Veal Birds Riced Potatoes Creamed Asparagus Cuttings Cottage Pudding Maple Sauce Tea Tea	Tomato Soup Fried Fish Steaks Tartare Sauce French Fried Potatoes, Spinach Sliced Bananas in Lemon Jelly Wafers Tea Tea	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Rolls Honey Tea Tea	Grilled Liver Creamed Potatoes Chili Sauce Fruit Cup (canned and fast-frozen fruit) Cake Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Relish Pickle Apple Pie Tea				
14	Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Conserve Tea	Salmon and Celery Salad Rolls Fruit Trifle (use cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Fried Fish Steaks Tartare Sauce French Fried Potatoes, Spinach Sliced Bananas in Lemon Jelly Wafers Tea Tea	Grape Juice Griddle Cakes Baby Sausages Tea Tea	Assorted Cold Meats Tomato Jelly Salad Brown Bread and Butter Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Punch	Bouillon Lamb Chops Scalloped Potatoes Glazed Carrots Chilled Rice Mold Butterscotch Sauce Tea					
15	Orange Sections Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Tea	Pork and Beans Brown Bread Waldorf Salad Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Baked Fresh Ham Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomato and Onion Butterscotch Tapioca Pudding Tea Tea	Mushroom Soup Cold Sliced Ham Raw Carrot Cabbage and Onion Salad Tomato Jelly Apple Upside-Down Cake Tea Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Tea Jelly Tea	Corned Beef Hash Poached Egg Stewed Canned Berries Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes Buttered Onions Lemon Foam Tea				
16 (Sunday)	Stewed Rhubarb Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee	Tea	Chicken (canned) à La King on Toast Celery Gherkins Lemon Tarts Cocoa	These menus use Canadian and other British products for harmonizing flavor and good balance in the meal. That's one way we can beat the higher cost								

These menus use Canadian and other British products for harmonizing flavor and good balance in the meal. That's one way we can beat the higher cost of living and help win the war.

Helping Mother

TRAINING, like charity, begins at home. Or it should, and lucky is the little girl whose mother starts her off in the way of a good housekeeper. There are lots of things she can do and take a pride in if only you have the patience to show her—tidying her room, helping lay the table, helping with the dishes or setting the kitchen to rights. She can even have a share in the cooking—and what a thrill to make something all by herself!

But don't let her be too ambitious in the beginning: choose a simple recipe, go over it with her and tell her how important it is to measure carefully and do everything exactly right. Then if she makes these delicious cookies, let her serve them for tea and wash up afterward. She'll love the role of hostess, with mother as guest, and even dish-washing will be just part of the fun.

Krispie Marshmallow Squares

$\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of butter
30 Marshmallows (about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of true vanilla
1 Package of rice krispies ($5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces)

Melt the butter and marshmallows in



the top part of a double boiler. Add the vanilla and mix well. Put the rice krispies in a big buttered bowl and pour the melted marshmallows over them. Stir carefully and when combined pack into a shallow buttered pan about ten inches square. Let stand until cool and firm, then cut into squares. Makes about two and a half dozen one-inch squares.

Variations:

If chocolate is your favorite flavor, add two ounces of melted unsweetened chocolate to the marshmallow mixture before pouring over the rice krispies.

Or add a little cocoanut, a few raisins or some peel—about one-half cupful of any one of these.

Try using almond or peppermint flavoring in place of the vanilla.



WHAT TO do with an old worktable that is still steady on its pins, but has a scuffed shabby appearance?

Well, cover it with a good grade of oilcloth, and it will take years from its looks and add them to its usefulness.

Make a paste, using one-half cupful of flour, one-half cupful of sugar and one pint of water. Mix the flour and sugar thoroughly and stir gradually into the boiling water. Cook for ten minutes

Table Topic

over low heat, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Have the table top cleaned and perfectly dry, then cut a piece of oilcloth large enough to cover the surface and tuck under the edges. Mark the exact centre and roll up from both ends to this mark. Mark the centre of the table too, then place the oilcloth on it—centre mark to centre mark.

Now apply the paste to the table top with a stiff brush, working it in evenly. Beginning at the centre, and working outward, roll the oilcloth over the paste and smooth out every bubble with a clean soft cloth. Then wrap the edges under the table and tuck in the corners neatly.

This makes a very satisfactory finish for a worktable. A smart idea, too, for a summer cottage dining room, and you can have most attractive color combinations—black with yellow dishes, yellow with blue dishes, blue with red and white china, and so on.

Snowed Under!

We promised to tell you the results of our apple contest in March—but it simply can't be done. Please give us another month.

Trouble is there are too many good ones and we haven't yet made up our minds. But we'll get there by April.



You'll wonder why you were satisfied with anything else when you see Rinso-whiteness

● If you want to see real whiteness, take a look at Rinso-washed clothes, and compare them with the results you get from any other washing method. You'll realize at once that Rinso not only gives a whiter wash, but the whitest wash! Whatever your washing experience has been, you'll be amazed at the dazzling whiteness you get with Rinso. And, once you've seen how beautiful Rinso makes your wash, you'll never again be satisfied with anything less than Rinso whiteness for your clothes! So don't forget Rinso for your next washday. For greater economy, ask for the new Giant package.

A Lever product



Rinso gives the whitest wash!

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP



Every woman in Canada is asking this question. You can start right where you are by making full use of your home equipment . . . to eliminate waste and to provide time, energy and resources needed for the extra calls now being made upon you. Here are a few of the ways in which many women are utilizing their equipment to "help".



"I FOUND THAT EXTRA HOUR"

"I've had an automatic electric range for months . . . but never realized how much it meant till now! I put my dinner in the oven, set the automatic control, and go to Red Cross without a worry. Dinner's ready when I get back."



"MY LAUNDRESS HAS A WAR JOB"

"...so now I'm doing my own washing with my electric washer. It's scarcely any trouble. And it's really amazing how much longer the clothes last when there's no harsh rubbing or scrubbing!"



"I'M SAVING FOOD!"

"I'm making my electric refrigerator do a lot of my saving. I do my whole week's shopping at money-saving prices. Leftovers aren't thrown out any more . . . they keep perfectly in those covered dishes. And there's no waste through spoilage . . . meats, milk and salads keep fresh till they're all used up."



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CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED . . . HAMILTON, CANADA
WORK, SAVE, LEND . . . BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



For Wedding Belles

EASTER BRIDES will consider them showers of blessing when her friends give parties in her honor and the gifts take a practical turn. Even brides of a few years back would appreciate these kitchen gadgets on one of their anniversaries. So—for that matter—would the bachelor girl who lives alone and likes it.

It's all the more fun if each gift is cunningly wrapped and accompanied by a rhyme or a limerick made up to suit the occasion, and if you devise some tricky method of presentation.

A Good Can Opener—The missing link in many a well-equipped kitchen.

Knives—For paring, slicing, preparing fruit, etc.; plain or serrated edges with stainless steel blades.

Food Tongs—For handling baked potatoes and other hot foods that have no respect for fingers.

Pastry Blender—Grandma may call it newfangled, but it's a great help.

Vegetable Shredders—Make the most sceptical husband like salads.

Measuring Spoons—Have you seen the new colored sets? Each spoon is different.

Rubber Table Mats—Look like crocheted doilies and protect the polished table most efficiently.

Dish Scraper—A little rubber gadget on a handle, that gets all the batter out of the bowl.

Thermometers—There are four of these—one for the oven, one for candy, one for frying and one for roast meat.

Rubber Sink Mat—Colorful corrugated mats that save breaking dishes and chipping glasses.

Cooky Sheet—Essential in a home where there are kiddies.

Cake Cooler—Just a wire rack but very handy.

Refrigerator Dishes—All shapes, sizes and designs offered; the glass ones are attractive.

Kitchen Scissors—Anyone who starts using scissors in the kitchen finds a dozen uses for them.

Oven Glass Custard Cups in a Wire Rack—A handy arrangement for individual baking.

Paper—Waxed paper, paper towels in a colored cabinet, memo pads and other convenient paper products.

Ring Molds—For salads, desserts and fancy jellies.

Fancy Cooky Cutters—To add that party touch and please the kiddies.

Pot Cleaners—To make your pots and kettles shine before men.

Dish Mop—To save your lily-white hands.

Knife Sharpener—To keep a keen edge and preserve your temper.

Spatula—Long and limber. With lots of uses around the kitchen.

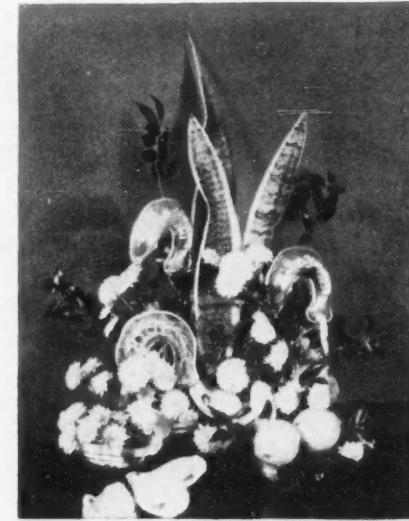
Wooden Spoons—For stirring times. Noiseless and easy on your pots and kettles.

Egg Slicer—Neat, even slices in a jiffy.

Pancake Turner—For flipping a flapjack—and other turnover purposes.

Bowl Covers—Handsome is—and handsome does. ■

★ GOOD FISHING ★



Arrangement by
Floral Décor, Toronto

IF YOU'RE like a fish in the water, if you can sail a boat with the best of them or wield a rod to good effect, try this tricky arrangement for one of your parties. Set it on your buffet table and give a shore dinner, or at least make fish the main course of the meal. Lobster chowder, for instance, or a big dish of scalloped noodles and salmon.

Floral Décor uses one large and three miniature aluminum fish molds, some oyster shells, a couple of lemons, a trio of stately leaves and a few flowers for an unusual and charming decoration on the deep-water theme.

THE PUREST SOAP for Baby's Delicate Skin



Science has made it so!

Doctors and nurses have confidence in the purity of Baby's Own Soap and advocate its use for Baby's delicate skin.

Especially made from the purest ingredients selected after diligent scientific research, Baby's Own Soap is incomparably soothing and cleansing without possibility of irritation.



"They take away BABY'S TEETHING FEVER"

SO writes Mrs. B_____, of North Sydney. Then a Toronto mother says: "I used Baby's Own Tablets and the babies were always so good. No cramps, pain or trouble when teething. In fact, I hardly knew they were cutting their teeth as they never were any trouble at night."

Baby's Own Tablets are quick, safe and effective, sweet-tasting and easy to take. Contain no opiates or stupefying drugs. Try Baby's Own Tablets not only for teething troubles but also for colds, constipation, upset stomach and other simple ailments of babyhood. 25 cents. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tattered streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed; active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters or a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

vessel of hot water, and try the temperature by dropping some of the milk on the wrist. Do not touch the nipple unless the hands are clean. The hole in the nipple should permit an easy flow. Hold the bottle up, so as to keep the nipple filled, and do not let the baby suck the empty bottle or play with it after he is finished.

Your Question Box

Question—I have one little girl of six years. She weighs fifty pounds and is forty-four inches in height. I have never given her any sort of cod-liver oil, but feel that I should do so. As I am inclined to be stout, I should like to give my girl some product without the fat. Please advise me the best product to give her.—Mrs. N. H., Pagwa, Ont.

Answer—It will be difficult to find any sort of cod-liver oil product that has no fat. However, you need not be afraid of using cod-liver oil in any form. It will not make your child fat. Its energy is expended in the retention within the body of calcium and phosphorus, which are utilized in the growth of teeth and bones.

☆☆

Question—I expect my first baby in six months. I am in a French-Canadian settlement ten miles from a doctor. I do not wish to breast feed the baby. Please send formula and send all the information you can.—Mrs. A. J., Pinewood, Ont.

Answer—Take my advice and nurse your baby. I send formula requested. Ask the Ontario Department of Health to send you a Baby Book. Address Queen's Park, Toronto. ■

To Queen Elizabeth

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Last month we reprinted this verse, published by the Chicago Tribune.

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
My Fair Lady.

Be it said to your renown
That you wore your gayest gown
And bravest smile
AND STAYED IN TOWN!
While London Bridge
Was falling down, falling down,
My Fair Lady.

The gesture has aroused widespread approval. One reader, Mrs. William Ruttle, convener of Women's War Work, in Hanover, Ontario, goes one farther and adds a reply from Canadian women.

Be it said to our renown
That we helped her wear her
gown and bravest smile
AND SAVED THE TOWN
AND KEPT THE BRIDGE FROM
FALLING DOWN—
For our Fair Lady.

"I can't quite say how 'London Bridge' touched me," she writes. "I wish it could be put on thousands of cards and distributed throughout Canada. Surely it would touch the pocketbooks in the way it has touched hearts, and in such a way that War Savings certificates would soar far beyond the dreams of even the most optimistic!"

++

BUY WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES!

JUST LIKE HIS DAD

—He goes for Heinz Foods Too!



Babies Take To Heinz Strained Foods Just As Canadian Families Have Welcomed Heinz for 70 Years

WE'VE a theory here at Heinz that babies appreciate fine flavour in foods as much as grown-ups do! So—in preparing Heinz 13 Strained Foods—we select the choicest fruits, vegetables, meats and cereals. These are cooked scientifically—to preserve vitamins and minerals in the highest possible degree. Give your baby Heinz Strained Foods—watch him approve with enthusiastic coos!

HEINZ Strained Foods

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
Leamington, Canada; Melbourne Australia; London, England.

57

Look For These Two Seals. They Mean Protection For Baby.



Heinz New Junior Foods—
Coarser, Well-Balanced And
Highly Nutritive—Meet The
Needs Of Children Graduating
From Strained Foods.

Heinz Junior Foods

12 TASTY KINDS



57

**"TOLD ME I COULDN'T HAVE
DONE ANY BETTER
FOR MY BOY!"**



Declared Mrs. C. H. Lewis

"It was really a mustard poultice that did so much good for Sonny," declares Mrs. C. H. Lewis of Prince Albert, Sask. Said she: "The boy awoke one night and felt very ill. It was imperative to use a home remedy as I couldn't get a doctor before morning. So I pre-

pared a poultice of mustard and flour and placed it on his chest for 20 minutes. Later I was told I couldn't have done anything better as the mustard poultice had helped to check the development of a serious congestion."

Mrs. Lewis said that for a week at a time during one epidemic of contagious colds she simply could not undress for sleep. There were several cases in her family to be cared for and all were given the reliable mustard poultice treatment. She was glad to report that each sufferer made a splendid recovery.

Mustard is one of the Oldest Remedies Known to Medical Science

The "flour" of the mustard seed contains an active ingredient which exerts a powerful remedial influence upon pains and aches. In olden times the whole mustard seed was used. But the modern milling and superfining of mustard renders it far more effective as a relieving agent. The tin of mus-

tard on your pantry shelf offers you relief from many everyday ailments such as pains and congestions due to colds.

As a preventative measure for those threatened with a cold, mild chest troubles or Winter ills, mustard is excellent as an external remedy.

Free Booklet on Medicinal Uses of Mustard

A handy little booklet will be sent to you promptly if you will write to Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Montreal. It gives the standard methods of using this safe, economical remedy. Keep the booklet and a tin of mustard in reserve, so that you are ready to get relief from grippe, bronchial conditions, head or chest colds; and from pains of neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, or backache. If symp-

toms are serious consult your doctor. Mustard's pain relieving virtues depend upon its strength and purity. If you buy Colman's or Keen's Mustard you are certain that you are getting mustard unsurpassed in quality. And keep in mind that a mustard bath can soothe and refresh you when overtired.



Made from English-Grown Mustard Seed—No Better in the World

Make your own
Viyella REGD SKIRT

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
36 or 54 inches wide. At all leading stores or
write Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

RASHES
For soothing relief by external means, apply mildly medicated

CUTICURA
SOAP and OINTMENT

World-known skin aids—recommended by many nurses. Buy BOTH Cuticura Soap and Ointment today. All druggists.

★ THE BABY CLINIC ★



**Artificial
Feeding**

By
**J. W. S. McCullough,
M.D.**

other than pasteurized milk because pasteurization guarantees that the milk is free from the multitude of infections so carried. It is not tuberculosis alone that is to be feared from raw milk; there are at least twenty other diseases known to be spread by this article of food. Milk dipped from a can is never quite safe; dirt and flies are apt to get into it. An open pitcher should never be left out-of-doors for the milkman to pour milk into, and milk should never be left to stand about the house in open vessels. The icebox is the place for it.

As soon as the milk is received, wash the outside of the bottles and placards. Warmth spoils milk, and spoiled milk will make the baby sick. Do not allow the milk bottles to stand on the steps in the sun. Frozen milk is not injurious to the baby if it is boiled.

Care of Bottles and Nipples

Immediately after using, the bottles and nipples must be rinsed in cold water and left in a solution of soda, borax or soap and water, after which they are washed and boiled.

Bottles, spoons, measuring cup, mixing dish and all utensils used in the preparation of food must be scrubbed with hot soap and water, rinsed and boiled for five minutes before being used again. The mother's hands must be thoroughly scrubbed in hot water and soap before she begins to prepare the baby's food.

Prepare Food for Twenty-four Hours

The food for the day should be prepared in the morning and stored in the refrigerator until used. If the milk has been pasteurized, it will need no further treatment; if raw milk, it must be boiled or pasteurized.

The mother can pasteurize it herself by heating in a double boiler at a temperature of 145 deg. Fahr., holding at this temperature for thirty minutes, after which it is cooled in the refrigerator. Milk that is boiled should have the necessary sugar and water added and then boiled. The mixture should be added to the bottles, the mouths being closed by sterile cotton, or cotton that has been flamed or scorched. If evaporated milk is used, remember that it is twice as strong as ordinary milk and must have twice the prescribed water added.

Rules of Feeding
Warm the bottle by placing it in a

Marriage is My Career :: Continued from page 3

her quarrels and problems entirely alone?

Undoubtedly Mrs. Young has built herself a character and would have made a fortune if she had attacked another job as efficiently—but isn't she inclined to become too practically domesticated to remain interesting to husband and family? Folks are still more interested in fellow humans than in efficient heads of firms.

Doesn't marriage mean successful adjustment with other folks? And a smooth-running haven of refuge where an efficient worker (mother) makes the wheels go round almost invisibly isn't always the best jumping-off ground for our modern complicated world. We are tolerant and kind to our irascible fellow workers if our own life is trouble-free, but we really understand and sympathize with them if we (and not mother or wife) have been up all night with poor Aunt Liza.

It would be marvellous, though, if we poor vacillating females who wander into a career and then are swept off our feet by some devastating male, could acquire all Mrs. Young's practical information and good common sense "on the side," so we could catch up with this "marriage career" we somehow got ourselves into!

Jean Nicholson, Malton, Ont.

☆☆

YOUR RECENT article, "Marriage Is My Career," by M. L. Young, is very interesting and portrays a charming picture of ideal family life. May I explain further that it is all of these things only when the reader bears in mind that this is one woman, her family, her life. Frankly I am glad she is the exception and not the rule.

Why? Well, I'll tell you.

To begin with, a girl need not bury herself in pots and pans and shrieking children from the time she is fifteen in order to acclimate herself to a domestic atmosphere. I should say that such knowledge should be absorbed gradually, beginning with our very early days. This is particularly true in larger families, where the daughters of the house automatically assume partial responsibility of the housekeeping and care of smaller children. It is, however, not a full-time job until they have tried business and had time to play, dance and sing. When they are ready to marry, they prove capable in their homes. We should be a very dull generation if we all set our minds on homemaking and bearing children.

And how does this "ideal family life" affect the family? Nothing is sadder than a disillusioned man or woman; yet how would they react if one of the brood wandered because the ideal became too ideal? How will the children rate in the marriage market? If they do not find a mate with equally high ideals (and it is doubtful if they will), they will be constantly discontented.

No, Madame Editor, I'm not from Missouri. I am a very real, happily married person. There is only one rule in our home—The Golden Rule; and where it is kept, peace and happiness should reign.

Yours truly,
Charlotte Scrimgeour, Brantford.

☆☆

THE TROUBLE with Mrs. Young's article is that she is arguing from an

unusual case. The large majority of "career" girls are merely earning their own, and often a dependent's, living, to the best of their ability. They have never had the choice implied in the article. With no more than average attractiveness, they have had to give their work all their vitality, with none left over for husband-getting. That requires vitality! Often their work has taken them where possible and suitable husbands were few. Following a career is not a perverse inclination with them, but a necessary, and often very unselfish, way of life.

Mrs. Young appears quite unaware of the qualms that beset the wallflower type of girl, who, with all the qualities of a good mother, lacks "sex appeal." Many of the capable, ambitious women among the non-married are simply those who have used this creative ability in some calling that doesn't require the elusive charm. Not that, for instance, all teachers and nurses lack charm!

Now that the vocational field is so wide-open to women, many a girl, realizing that for her the way of husband-getting is beset with humiliation, applies herself to some work she can do with pride. Strange to say, many such girls, maturing late, have developed finally in such a way as to become excellent wives to intelligent men.

"To thine own self be true!" Choose the way of life you seem naturally fitted for, enter it not with vain or silly ambition, but with a sincere devotion to a worth-while task. Just as many women have sought marriage with the most undesirable motives, as ever egotistically put it aside to follow a "career." Being honest with oneself as well as others, never breeds regrets.

C. Coté, Edmonton.

☆☆

AMONG SOME of the particularly interesting comments on the article were these:

"This marriage seems to have been entered into as a sort of cold-blooded affair without the usual amount of romance. What if, with all her preparation and qualifications, she had not married? There are, statistics show, not enough men to go around, and even some of these remain single. How then would she support herself? By being housekeeper the rest of her life in someone else's home?"

Mrs. B. Johnson, Calgary.

☆☆

"In the main I agree with 'Marriage Is My Career.' Nevertheless, if my fifteen-year-old daughter told me her ambition was to marry and have a large family, I should tell her to run along out skating."

Mrs. W. B. Spencely, Stratford, Ont.

☆☆

"Marriage is not a career, but has a much higher standard. It is a contract and promise between a man and a woman. They do not realize the serious step they have taken until after they have been married a few months. Then adjustments must be made with a full realization of the responsibility undertaken."

Mrs. A. J. Evans, Vancouver.

Hundreds of One-Hand Tests prove Lux Milder

MRS. HUGH RENNIE'S HANDS
AFTER MAKING
DISHWASHING TEST

After 28 days in New Quick Lux suds (3 times a day under conditions similar to home dishwashing), Mrs. Rennie's right hand was soft and smooth, as this actual photograph shows. She used no creams or lotions.



LEFT HAND IN SOAP "A"

For exactly the same time and under the same conditions, Mrs. Rennie placed her left hand in suds from Soap "A." At the end of the 28 days this hand was red, rough, as you can see.

Here's how Mrs. Hugh Rennie (like hundreds of other women) made the one-hand soap test under conditions similar to home dishwashing.



For 20 minutes, 3 times a day, under conditions similar to home dishwashing, Mrs. Rennie placed her right hand in a dishpanful of suds from New Quick Lux — her left hand in suds from Soap "A." Scientists examined her hands regularly, kept records.

MRS. H. R. THOMPSON



New Quick LUX saves you from housework hands . . .

Hundreds of women made these tests of 4 soaps widely used for dishes, and Lux. The tests proved New Quick Lux milder than any of the soaps tested.

So thrifty, too! New Quick Lux goes further . . . gives more suds (ounce for ounce) even in hard water, than any of these soaps.

So gentle! Has no harmful alkali! Use New Quick Lux for your dishes — to help your hands stay lovely. Get the generous BIG box!

A Lever product

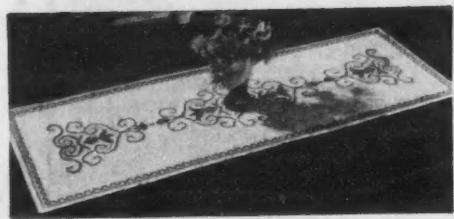




C810—The very latest in dress or suit accessories — crisp white linen revers, to be worked in white — in eyelet, satin and buttonhole stitches. Eyelets may be worked in satin stitch if desired. Easily adjusted to fit any V neckline; 50 cents per pair; cotton, 10 cents.

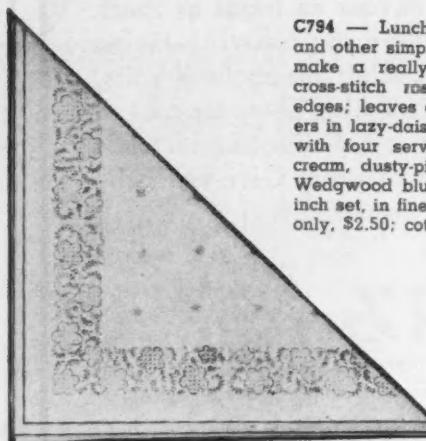


C814—Novelty work or shopping bag. Hollyhocks in free-appliqué, in brilliant colors. Measures about 14 inches across when finished. Stamped on fine art felt in brown, navy, black or Queen's Royal blue. Complete materials including lining and sticks for top, \$1.25.

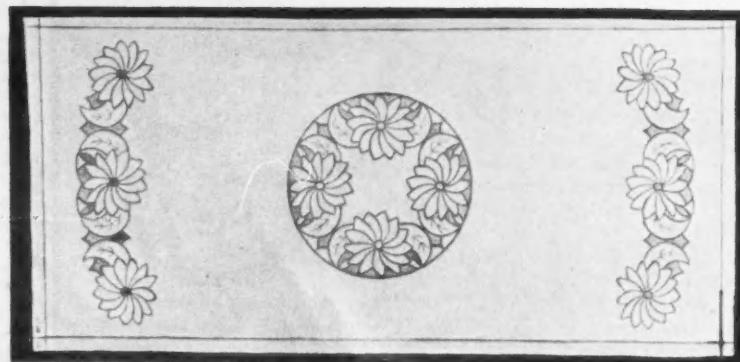


C811—Runner. A very graceful design, all in medium large cross-stitch (8 to the inch), which may be worked in a single color, two shades of a color or in any two colors. Please state colors desired. Stamped on fine white or deep ecru Irish linen, 18 x 45 inches, \$1; cottons, 30 cents.

These are Chatelaine patterns, Handicraft Series. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Full directions for working are sent.

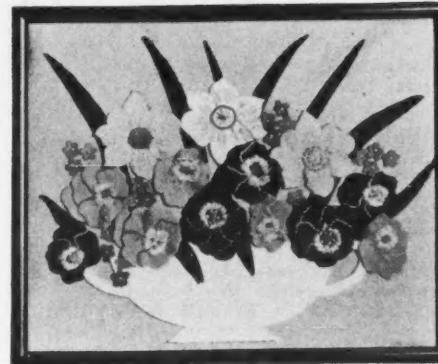


C794 — Luncheon set. Cross-stitch and other simple stitches combine to make a really elaborate set. The cross-stitch roses have chainstitch edges; leaves and little centre flowers in lazy-daisy stitch; 36-inch cloth with four serviettes in fine white, cream, dusty-pink, yellow, green or Wedgwood blue linen—\$2. The 45-inch set, in fine white or cream linen only, \$2.50; cottons, 30 cents.



C813 — Cutwork runner to match chair set shown in March issue of last year. An original and unusual design, and very simple to work, as there are no bars. Stamped on finely woven deep ecru or cream Irish linen (please state preferences), hem to be hemstitched, making the ideal finish. All work may be done to match linen, or in colors desired. Size 18 x 45 inches — \$1; cottons, 30 cents. The matching chair set is 75 cents; cottons, 20 cents.

C816—Occasional mat in lovely design. You will find this endlessly useful and always ornamental, in any room. Stamped on fine white or ivory Irish linen, about 16 x 24 inches, 55 cents; cottons, 17 cents. Please be sure to state colors.



C809—Fire screen or flower picture — an heirloom piece. The gorgeous Darwin and parrot tulips are worked in shades of rose, gold, tangerine, mauve and purple, and the large bow in mauve and purple. The design itself measures 14 x 24 inches — perhaps you have a suitable frame on hand. Stamped on deep ecru or cream Irish linen — please state preference — size 22 x 29 inches, \$1.25; cottons, 90 cents, and frame of screen, in walnut finish (sent "knocked down"), \$3.



C807—Cushion. Tall grasses and rushes in natural colors make an artistic background for this very lovely bird with its gracefully spread wings. The bird, in chainstitch, may be worked in shades of blue or gold — please state preference. Stamped on black, midnight blue, old gold or olive green silk taffeta, 18 x 20 inches, \$1.25; in black art felt, 90 cents; cottons 20 cents and form, 60 cents.



PAULETTE GODDARD, NOW APPEARING IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "SECOND CHORUS"



Paulette Goddard has a simple beauty ritual. Here it is: "Before I retire, I use Woodbury Cold Cream to remove every tiny trace of make-up. It's a wonderful cleanser—not too liquid, not too heavy. A wonderful softener, too. And my dermatologist says it's wonderful in another way—this amazing cream actually purifies itself. It seems that a self-purifying ingredient

makes this cream germ-free. After removing this marvelous Woodbury Cold Cream with tissues, I apply a fresh, light, delicately perfumed film of it to leave on all night long. It softens and lubricates and beautifies my skin while I sleep. I've been having this Woodbury Beauty Nightcap now for months, and my own mirror and the camera men tell me my skin is nicer!"

"Want a Morning Glory complexion?" asks *Paulette Goddard* "take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap tonight"

as told to LOUELLA PARSONS, famous Movieland Commentator



"For removing make-up at any hour," says Miss Goddard, "I use this same Woodbury Cold Cream. My beauty tip is —don't put new make-up over the old—take time out for Woodbury Cold Cream—and see the difference! It pays!"



Follow Paulette Goddard's simple beauty care—use the same creams she uses. An exclusive ingredient makes Woodbury Cold Cream germ-free not only when you buy it, but until the last dab is used. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

How would you like, these next few months, to see your skin grow softer, lovelier, day by day?

You can—by just following Paulette Goddard's routine. Use Woodbury generously, swirling it on in caressing little strokes. At once, it relieves that taut feeling due to dryness. At once, it begins softening and dissolving soil, make-up, dry little skin particles, hard little blackhead tops. Soon the skin feels fresher, cleaner, a little aglow. Now remove the cream with tissues and realize gratefully this one cream does three things—it cleanses, softens, and invigorates.

A three-way beauty treatment, all in one jar!

For night softening, apply a fresh film of Woodbury Cold Cream. And whenever you make up, cleanse first with Woodbury. Day by day, you'll see new beauty in your skin!

For special skins—these special creams. If your skin is normal, or just slightly sensitive, Woodbury *Cold Cream* is all you need for beauty care. But if your skin is too oily, cleanse with Woodbury *Cleansing Cream*. If too dry, use Woodbury *Dry Skin Cream* at night. And for any type of skin, use flesh-tinted Woodbury *Foundation Cream* for a powder base.

FREE—2 GENEROUS CREAM SAMPLES—SEND TODAY!

(Paste on Penny Postcard)

John H. Woodbury, Ltd.,
Dept. 6920, Perth, Ontario

Please send me, free, generous sample of Woodbury Cold Cream and one other cream checked below. Also 6 shades Woodbury Powder.

(Check only one)

Dry Skin Cream Foundation Cream Cleansing Cream

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

MADE IN CANADA